

# IMPROVEMENT ERA

ORGAN OF YOUNG MEN'S MUTUAL  
IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS

PUBLISHED BY THE GENERAL BOARD

Joseph F. Smith }  
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JANUARY, 1907.

## The Era's New Year's Greeting

¶To those who wander afar, with the message of peace and good will, in all the nations; to their loved ones at home, longing and waiting,

### A Happy New Year

¶To the humble thousands, surrounded with peace and plenty, in the shadow of the mountains; to the dwellers alone in the great cities, on the plains or on the islands of the seas; to the young married man and woman beginning life, and to the old waiting for the summons,

### A Happy New Year

¶To the poor and the rich, each class happier than they know; to the toilers at the desk, or in the maelstrom of trade and traffic, in the shop, in the mines, on the ranch and farm, struggling for a greater reward, but happiest of all because they have wrought with enthusiasm, faith and love,

### A Happy New Year

¶To the unselfish leaders of the Church, often misunderstood, but ever reflecting the light and love of Bethlehem; to the patriotic officers of city, state and Nation; to parents, children, kinsmen and friends, near and distant,

### A Happy New Year

¶To old and young, baffled and disheartened, but struggling upward and onward in the paths of service, humility and sacrifice, the cheering spirit of Christ shine upon you—to all

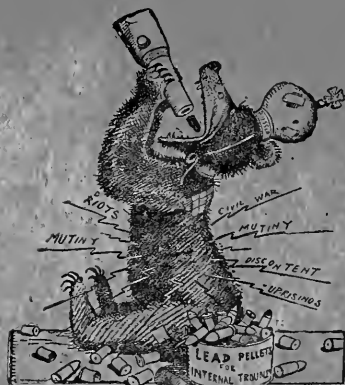
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## THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

*EDWARD H. ANDERSON, General Secretary,  
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# IMPROVEMENT ERA.

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No. 3

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## THE TEST OF SECTION SIXTY-SEVEN.

BY OSBORNE WIDTSOE, A. M., LATTER-DAY SAINTS' HIGH SCHOOL.

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Whatever Joseph Smith was or was not, he was certainly fearless in all his assertions of divine inspiration. At a time when high religious excitement proclaimed belief in an immaterial God, and in the actual unity of an immaterial trinity, the boy-prophet declared that he had beheld a vision in which the Father and the Son had appeared to him, as two separate beings, and as beings of material existence in the form of man. Greatly elated over this incomparable vision, the young boy hastened to communicate the things he had learned to a distinguished friend, a sectarian minister; but to his utter astonishment, the boy was ridiculed and called a fool, then maligned and persecuted. Yet he had seen a vision, and fearlessly he remained true to that assertion.

Again, not many years after, an angel visited him. Angels were, in Christian theology, however, supernatural beings of a bygone age. No one believed in them when Moroni came to Joseph. Yet, Joseph declared in soberness that an angel had visited him, and had restored the gospel of Christ. And for that fearless assertion, the young man was further persecuted.

Then Joseph published a book in his young manhood. He called it the Book of Mormon, and said it was a translation of certain ancient American records, revealed to him by divine power. The world stood aghast at his audacity. It tried to prove the book of spurious authorship. It tried to prove the book merely a feeble effort of a literary quack. It tried in every way to throw discredit upon the book. But Joseph Smith remained undaunted. The world could not intimidate him, and so it persecuted him.

Then, in his maturity, this remarkable man declared himself to be a prophet of God. He claimed to hold divine communion with the Creator of the world, and issued revelation upon revelation to the Church and to its individual members. Unbelievers laughed in derision; enemies protested indignantly against such blasphemy; and even followers of the daring prophet began to doubt his inspiration. But intrepid as ever, the prophet maintained that he was divinely called, and fearlessly gave to all the world an infallible test by which his revelations could be tried to the uttermost.

It was in the year 1831. A conference had been convened to consider the advisability of compiling and publishing the numerous revelations—professedly given by God to Joseph Smith—which had hitherto been preserved only in manuscript form. The conference deemed it proper, and even necessary, to publish these revelations; but a discussion arose concerning the language in which they were expressed. Joseph Smith was not a master of elegant English. His education had not trained him in artistic expression. There were some men in the Church far better educated than the prophet. They criticized his language, and thought, apparently, that the revelations ought to be revised and expressed in a more nearly correct, and certainly a more lofty, style. Then the prophet again declared that he had received divine direction from God.

‘And now I, the Lord,’ said the great I Am, “give unto you a testimony of the truth of these commandments which are lying before you. Your eyes have been upon my servant, Joseph Smith, Jr., and his language you have known, and his imperfections you have known; and you have sought in your hearts knowledge that you might express beyond his language; this you also know. Now seek ye out of the book of commandments, even the least that is among them, and appoint him that is the most wise among you; if there be any among you that shall make

one like unto it, then ye are justified in saying that ye do not know that they are true; but if ye cannot make one like unto it, ye are under condemnation, if ye do not bear record that they are true."

It was a daring revelation to give to a body of enlightened followers. It was even a hazardous thing to throw such a gauntlet before men like Oliver Cowdery, Sidney Rigdon and William E. M'Lellin. Think of Joseph Smith—the poor son of an impoverished farmer, who had learned in school little more than to read common print and to write his own name—daring William E. M'Lellin—who had taught school successfully in five states of the Union, and who was noted for a ready flow of good language—to write a single section like the least of the revelations in the book of commandments! Was it unparalleled conceit and presumption that prompted such fearlessness, or was it implicit confidence in the unique quality of the revelations dictated by divine inspiration? Would not so bold a declaration tempt even men of superior wisdom to pit themselves against the reputed man of God?

Certainly, one man, at least, was brought low in the dust of humiliation because he presumed to apply the test and write a revelation in the name of the Lord:

"After the foregoing was received," writes the Prophet, "William E. M'Lellin, as the wisest man, in his own estimation, having more learning than sense, endeavored to write a commandment like unto one of the least of the Lord's, but failed; it was an awful responsibility to write in the name of the Lord. The Elders and all present that witnessed this vain attempt of a man to imitate the language of Jesus Christ, renewed their faith in the fulness of the Gospel, and in the truth of the commandments and revelations which the Lord had given to the Church through my instrumentality; and the elders signified a willingness to bear testimony of their truth to all the world."

Thus was the test applied in the lifetime of Joseph, and thus was his declaration of divine inspiration vindicated. No one since the day of William E. M'Lellin has seen fit to make an attempt like his. Yet, the test was not for M'Lellin's day only. When the book of Doctrine and Covenants was finally printed, in 1835, the revelation prescribing the divinely appointed test was included as Section Sixty-seven. And the section has retained its place from that day to this. Not a word has been changed; not one element of the meaning has been altered. As a test, it is just as

applicable at present, and just as forceful, as in the time of William E. M'Lellin. Any one who doubts may apply the test to-day, to-morrow, or at any time; though, as the author of our new manual very wisely says, "it is a most dangerous thing to do."

As a revelation containing an applicable test, section sixty-seven is, then, of especial interest and value to us. And the value is evident and important, even without making an actual application of the test. Let us suppose for a moment that Joseph Smith was never at any time divinely inspired—that he was nothing better than an unscrupulous impostor. It must be conceded then that he was a man of remarkable ability, though his education was limited. The Book of Mormon alone is a monumental work. In all its pages, from the lesser plates of Nephi, from Mormon's abridgement of the greater plates, from the record of Zeniff, from the story of Jared and his brother, and from other interpolated parts, there is not a single contradiction, not a single absurd doctrine or conclusion. On the other hand, the book shows a steady growth and development of the story; it reveals a philosophic system of theology; it displays perfect harmony between it and the Holy Bible. Again, in the many revelations contained in the book of Doctrine and Covenants, there are no contradictory statements there is no obscuration of the doctrine of the Christ, there is no confusion in the duties of officers or members. On the contrary, the book is so clear that the whole Church is built up after its directions. There is no essential point of Church doctrine that was not revealed by Joseph Smith; there is no point of Church organization or discipline that was not provided for by Joseph Smith. Certainly then, if he were an impostor, he must have been a man of clear insight, of remarkable analytical power; of wonderful executive ability.

Now, if an impostor possessed the capability of successfully producing a work so complicated as the Book of Mormon, and of foisting upon the world a system of philosophy so nearly perfect as "Mormonism," and further, of effecting a Church organization far more perfect than that of the German army,—is it credible that he would throw into the face of the world a test of his labors so simple, and yet so infallible, as that contained in section sixty-seven of the Doctrine and Covenants? Consider again the fact



that Joseph Smith was an unlettered man, that he had little skill in literary art. Remember further, that many of his followers, in his own day, were far more highly gifted in the way of the world than he. Would he then dare these men of superior literary ability to write a single revelation equal to the least of his? Remember also that we of to-day have better educational advantages than even the most favorably situated of Joseph's day. Would then an impostor, so farsighted as Joseph Smith seems to have been, have left on record a challenge for all succeeding generations to write a single revelation equal to the least of his? Would not, rather, an intelligent impostor refrain from calling undue attention to his purported revelations? Would he not certainly exercise the utmost care not to prescribe any test whereby those revelations might be detected as false? And if by any chance some foolish test had been allowed to creep into the would-be sacred word, would not the impostor or his friends eagerly seize the first opportunity to expunge that test, and even the whole revelation in which it was contained? Certainly, a man who had planned his work so well as Joseph Smith—were he an impostor—planned his, would not be guilty of so gross an oversight as to leave among his printed revelations so easy a test as that in section sixty-seven.

The conclusion of the whole matter has, of course, been long self-evident. We are grateful to Joseph Smith for fearlessly giving the unbelieving world a test that may be applied to his work at any time. But the fair-minded man will see that an application of the test is unnecessary. The very fearlessness of Joseph's assertion that no uninspired man can write a revelation equal to the least of his, is evidence of his good faith and of his divine assurance. No mere impostor would dare place so unqualified a challenge before all the world.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

## THE GATHERING.

TUNE:—*Onward, Christian Soldiers*, BY DR. A. SULLIVAN.

Onward, onward, onward,  
Saints of all the earth,  
To the land of promise—  
Of our prophet's birth.  
Seek not earthly treasures,  
Fill your souls with love,  
Shun all Satan's pleasures,  
Praise your God above.  
Forward, on to Zion,  
Leave old Babylon's shores,  
Look for Christ our Savior,  
For the prize is yours.

Forward, brothers, forward,  
Strike for victory.  
Heroes of the gospel,  
Seek your liberty.  
Pay your tithing gladly,  
Not a murmur make,  
Feed the poor, fill the store,  
No commandment break.  
Onward to perfection;  
We must strive to go  
In the right direction,  
Charity bestow.

Onward, sisters, onward,  
Feed the lambs of God  
With the precious promise  
Of our Savior's word.  
Tell them of our prophets  
And our temples there;  
Say, in Zion yonder  
Our Lord shall appear.  
Thither, onward thither,  
Save yourselves, we say;  
He will come with vengeance,  
The wicked then to slay.

Forward, onward, forward,  
Climb from height to height;  
O'er each crag and rocky hill,  
Make your pathway bright.  
Forward, out of error,  
Continue on your way,  
Giving and receiving,  
Truth and light display;  
'Way from strife and misery,  
Earthquake, fire, and sword,  
Live in peace and harmony,  
Children of the Lord.

Forward, ever forward,  
'Long the narrow way;  
Hold the rod of iron  
Till that dreadful day,  
Christ, our King and Master,  
With the saints of old,  
Come and meet with Zion,  
There shall be one fold;  
Glorious our glory.  
To this end endure,  
Dwelling with our Father  
Ever, evermore.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

THOS. BAGGALEY

## RANDY.

BY ELVIN J. NORTON, SUPERINTENDENT Y. M. M. I. A.,

POCATELLO STAKE.

---

### III.

On ordinary occasions Henry would not have enjoyed being so far from ready when he was called for: but in this instance he was very glad he had a plausible excuse to offer that he might have time to control his emotions. The hurry of completing his preparations partly restored him, and in a short time he ventured to join his sister. She was attired neatly in a plain dress, which did service in more places than the ball room. Her one extra ornament was a sprig of holly across her breast. She did not forget to ask him who was behind this time, nor suppress a laugh at his expense when he hesitated to answer. He took advantage of this jocular moment and the partial darkness to thank her for the Christmas present, without showing any outward signs of the emotion that had so affected him.

"I'm glad you like it," she said. "I wanted Santa Claus to bring it to you after you'd gone to sleep; but mother thought it would be better to let you have it earlier. Santa Claus has Randy's, anyhow, and will bring it at the regular time. But come on. Don't you think they've waited long enough?"

"All right, I'm ready," he said quickly. "Good night, mother,—since you don't seem to be going. Go to bed and rest; we'll try to be good."

This last sentence surprised Mrs. Palmer and Rachel; for unimportant as it might be if spoken by any one else, it was very

different from any promise they had heard for a long time from Henry. The darkness, however, hid their inquiring glances; and the mother ventured no farther than to give him an unusually long embrace when he stooped over her for a parting kiss. "Good night, children," she said, after kissing them both. "Have a good time; and look out for Randy."

They hastened down the path and got into the sleigh. George Davis slackened his reins, and the impatient horses started out, marking their quick steps with a regular jingle that sounded clear and wild in the cold, still night. Henry had not seen such happy moments for many months; and Rachel was troubled by only one thing—the unsatisfactory way in which her conversation with Randy had ended; but as she had no fears for Randy's safety, she, too, was happier than for a long time before, not only because of the gay company, the pleasant ride and the beautiful night, but most of all because of Henry's changed spirit. She therefore led out in a familiar song, which was joined in by all in the sleigh; and their merry voices and the jingling bells united in a chorus that sent Christmas music ringing over the snow-covered fields and even into the homes and hearts of the neighbors.

But the song was only half finished; for the spirited horses soon covered the mile between Palmer's and the schoolhouse, and the merry singers had to answer calls and greetings from their friends when the sleigh stopped before the gate. George suggested that the others go at once into the schoolhouse while he secured the team to one of the fence rails.

"O, sha'n't we wait for you?" asked Rachel.

"No, go on in," said George; "I want to blanket the horses, and it's too cold for you to wait out here so long;" and without staying for further argument, he drove past several teams that were already tied to the fence, and stopped at the first available space beyond them; while Henry and Rachel led the way to the schoolhouse.

The room was well filled when they entered, but the sound of more voices at the gate and more bells in the distance was evidence that it would soon be overcrowded. Henry and Rachel, after going to the farther end of the room and placing their wraps on the platform under the musicians' bench, sat down and waited

for the music. The people continued to come in. The general rule was freedom and sociability. The man of thirty-five, with overalls tucked inside his heavy boots and a baby in his arms, did not hesitate to accost familiarly the young man in a new suit who had just tak-n off his overshoes and was polishing his dancing slippers with a handkerchief; the boy of ten, with clothes worn out at the elbows and knees, and uncombed hair hanging plentifully over his ears and coat collar, had something to say to ev-ry one that passed him, and even went so far as to speak boldly to a haughty girl nearly twice his age, who was a student in a distant school and had come home to spend the vacation; and the young lady who was really "in style," with "bangs," a "choker" collar, and high-heeled shoes, talked freely with the eccentric woman who insisted on combing her hair smooth and flat and always wearing her apron. Then there were the groups of young people not noticeably out of date in dress, standing impatiently in different parts of the room, commenting on the unreasonably long time required to harmonize the violins, and threatening to leave and go sleigh-riding if the dance did not soon start; and there was also a group of industrious and economical farmers talking of the early snow and venturing estimates on the amount of hay each would require to last through the winter. In this general characterization of the crowd, there remain yet two comparatively important classes: a few regarded as the village "aristocracy," who gathered apart in the upper end of the room and considered themselves very condescending to be present; and a line of young men, none too respectable, at the opposite end of the room, drawn up at either side of the door, with hats in their hands and handkerchiefs round their necks, who gathered at such places to make things lively with quarrels and other disturbances.

At last the musicians settled down to business; and with a degree of harmony pleasing to most of the hearers, united on an air that led out a floor full of waltzers. The groups about the room were now obliged to break up, or at least yield a part of the space in the middle of the floor to those engaged in the dance. Henry and Rachel were partners in the first number. They threaded their way among their companion couples, following the measure as accurately as the crowded condition would permit.

There were good-natured protests against stepping on toes, and bursts of hearty laughter when some one stumbled and fell. Heavy boots dragged, rather than glided over the worn floor, but their sound was tolerated as a necessary part of the pastime. Happy voices continued to mingle in pleasant conversation that was at least sociable and harmless. All these joined to drown the music, except within a few feet of the players; but even if the music could not be heard all the way around the course, the dancers could put themselves "in step" when they turned at the upper end.

Little rest was allowed the musicians during the remainder of the party. The floor manager was stormed with more calls for waltzes and schottishes and polkas, for quadrilles and reels and cotillions, than he could possibly supply.

The third or fourth number was a quadrille. Henry and Rachel happened to be in the same set near the door. Henry manifested a wholesome pleasure that he had not shown for a long time, and Rachel noticed with gratitude that he gave little attention to the rowdies collected near them. In this crowd was George Davis, who had not yet offered to join the dancers. He seemed to take more pleasure in cracking stale jokes and leading at intervals in a kind of groundless laughter. Rachel caught glimpses of him as she turned gracefully in the figures of the dance. He lighted his cigarette and blew the smoke contemptuously towards the open window, evidently delighted with the offense he gave those near him who were not of his kind. As Rachel read the characters in the faces of those young men, she wondered if, after all, such a party was the place for her; and even a glance at the opposite end of the room, where few if any persons of objectionable character could be seen, did not put her at ease; but when she looked again at Henry's face, and thought of the influence George Davis had over her older brother, she was glad she was there, feeling that she could suffer great indignities if her presence could keep a brother from sin.

When the music stopped in the middle of the quadrille, George called to Henry. The call was not answered, though Rachel knew that it reached Henry's ears; and George knew it too, for he called again so loud that half the people in the room

heard him. Henry blushed with anger and shame as he turned toward the speaker.

"Come here a minute!" said George, somewhat more respectfully.

Henry excused himself and stepped out of the set. Rachel trembled when she saw this action. She had hoped he would not notice George's rudeness. She studied the painful expression on her brother's face as he listened to the words whispered to him, and thought she saw resolution in his features when he pulled himself away and resumed his place on the floor. George whispered something to the young men near him, and then all looked at Henry with a sneering, bantering laugh. This was almost more than Rachel could bear. She hesitated a moment in indecision whether to appeal to those around her for assistance in shaming such disgusting actions, or to address her indignation to George personally. Just then the music started and she was prevented from either course. But in the first change which brought her for a moment to her brother's side, she whispered to him with all the force of earnestness,

"Henry, don't, O, don't forget!"

He did not have time to answer, but he held her hand tightly between his for an instant, and she knew that he was still resolved to conquer. She was again happy, and turned her thoughts once more to the dance.

George now saw that the company he was in did not contribute to his influence over Henry. As soon as the floor was clear, therefore, he walked to the opposite end of the room and dropped his overcoat and hat on a pile of wraps in a corner. Rachel acknowledged to herself, when she saw him apart from the crowd at the door, that he could assume the appearance at least of a gentleman. She saw him cautiously approach Henry, and was in greater fear than before, for she knew that courtesy would have more weight with her brother than rudeness. She saw that Henry's wounded pride slightly relaxed. He listened with some respect to the other's words. Then he even spoke and smiled. Evidently they were talking of something more agreeable to his feelings. Then suddenly George grasped her brother's arm, and she knew he was inviting him to go outside. Again the look of

pain crept over Henry's features. Rachel grieved in her heart as she saw her brother struggling against the cravings of an abnormal appetite. Then, as if by accident, his eyes met hers, which seemed to give him the strength he lacked. He politely released himself from George's grasp, walked across the room to Rachel, and led her out for another dance.

Rachel purposely avoided the subject that filled both of their minds, and chatted away on anything and everything that would dispel his trouble and draw his thoughts in another direction. When the music stopped, the brother and sister seemed among the happiest in the room. They walked to an open window with a number of others to enjoy the cold, fresh air.

"You mustn't stand there too long, Ray," said Henry. "I think you'd better sit there in the corner while I go and speak for the next dance with Mary Winnett."

"All right, go on," answered Rachel, complying with his suggestion. But Mary Winnett took the arm of another partner before Henry reached her.

"Now, who's left?" said George Davis, walking up to Henry and slapping him on the back.

"I must try again, I suppose," was Henry's answer, and he started in another direction, to the great relief of Rachel, who was fearful of results whenever George approached her brother.

Just then Rachel looked towards the open window. At the same instant a face appeared shyly on the outside. It drew away quickly, but too late to avoid recognition. In another instant it reappeared with an expression of mingled mischief and shame.

Taking a pencil and a small piece of paper from her desk she wrote hurriedly:

"Randy: Don't forget our talk.

Go home to mother, won't you?

Ray."

Then folding the paper neatly and quickly, she broke a sprig of holly from her dress, pinned it to the paper, and handed the little packet to her younger brother. She knew his disposition too well to venture talking with him on the subject of his going home, when there were so many to hear.



For some reason Henry did not find a partner immediately after turning away from Mary Winnett. George noticed this and came up to laugh at the disappointment. Again he began talking with Henry, and as before renewed the invitation. Henry was before the tempter. It was now too late to join in this dance. What should he do? Couldn't he partly yield to his craving, and still control himself? Already he had done better than for a long time before. But there was his sister's entreaty, 'Henry, don't, O, don't forget!' still ringing in his ears. He must seek those eyes again, and receive more strength. But Rachel's eyes are bent over the desk: they do not look up. Again the tempter urges: Surely Ray and mother do not expect him to break off at once. It will do no harm to,—but when he pressed her hand he meant his action for a promise. He must receive more strength from his sister.

But again he was deprived of the aid he sought. When he looked toward her, Rachel was handing the note through the window, for she was sure the bright light from within would enable Randy to read it. Randy took the note; but instead of reading it, he hastened away, and Rachel turned from the window in disappointment. Then she grew deathly pale, her lip quivered, and her heart sank within her; for she had turned just in time to see George and Henry leave the room.

#### IV.

When Randy and Dick had performed the last duty assigned them—that of opening the doors of the schoolhouse and lighting the lamps—they started the round of gathering up their favorite fellows in order to hold a counsel on the extent and nature of their Christmas Eve mischief. Dick's whistle brought out the boys one after another from their several homes, until the band of youthful knights numbered nearly a dozen. These were all mounted on separate horses, except Randy, who owned no horse and was obliged to ride behind Dick's saddle. This little band galloped several miles along the country road and back, giving notice by their mere presence that a farmer might expect to find, on the following morning, a neighbor's cows in the warm stall where he

had fed and bedded a favorite team preparatory for a Christmas sleigh ride; or some unknown bull carefully harnessed to a one-horse sleigh and tied to the front door knob, as though waiting for a tardy Santa Claus to come from the house and continue his journey around the juvenile world.

Having agreed upon a plan for the night's adventures, the boys reined up before the schoolhouse just as the sound of distant singing was carried over the snow.

"Who is it?" asked one.

"Two of them's Ray and Henry Palmer, I'll bet you," said Dick, who knew his schoolteacher's voice. "Who are they coming with, Randy?"

"George was going to stop for them," Randy answered.

"This way, fellers!" called out Dick, leading the way to an easily accessible place and dismounting. "Here's room for a couple of horses. Let's scatter out so they won't have us in a bunch. Remember, when I whistle twice, run for your horses and give them a hot foot."

All acted with the unconcerned manner of boys not on their first expedition of mischief, and proceeded to carry out their plans. Just as Randy and Dick turned away from their pony, they saw the sleigh of George Davis stop before the gate.

"I'll bet there's something in that outfit," said Dick. "Now see if he don't leave the rest at the gate and drive off alone. And here's the place he'll tie up. Say, Randy, you get in this rig under the hay and quilts, and I'll stay with old Nibs and then walk away just when he drives up, so he won't think there's anybody close."

Randy was none too quick in concealing himself, for George turned the horses in to the fence next to Dick's pony.

"Hello, George," cried Dick, pretending to complete an adjustment of his saddle.

"Hey, Dick! Out for a time?"

"You bet I am," Dick answered, and walked away towards the schoolhouse.

George carefully tied his horses to the fence and at the same time looked around to make sure whether anyone was watching him. Evidently thinking that he was unseen, but still acting with caution, he drew two flasks from his pockets and buried them in

the snow under the fence where he thought they would not likely be disturbed. With a look of satisfaction he walked leisurely to the door of the building. Randy followed in a few moments, and in quiet exultation told Dick what he had seen.

"Don't he think he's struck it, though?" said Dick. "He's too sharp to put it in the sleigh. Everybody knows his outfit and what he generally takes with him, too. He'll be after it perty quick, so we'd better get hold of it."

"Don't you worry about that," Randy answered. "It's still in the snow, but not where he buried it."

"Good for you! Now for some fun! It won't be very long, either. There they go for the first dance, and George soon gets thirsty when the music starts. We want to be perty close when he comes out."

But George did not come out as soon as they expected. It has already been seen how the company he chose at the door was regarded by Henry, whom in particular he was anxious to have share his pleasures. When at last Dick and Randy saw George take a partner for a dance, they suspected that their own actions were known to him, and began to look for fun in other directions. They moved about among their acquaintances to see what success others had met with. They found that several boxes had been lifted from the "bobs;" three or four sleighs had been tipped over; two teams had been taken from sleighs and each "hitched" in the place of the other; the tail of a saddle pony had been twisted and tied to the fence, the knot cemented with a little water which soon turned to ice; and a carefully hidden bottle or two had been found.

"Say, fellers, this is gettin' perty warm," said one who had just joined the others. "Jack Billings is raisin' a big fuss 'cause his cutter was tipped over. I b'lieve we'd better kind o' scatter a little. But I don't want to miss the fun."

"I'll tell you what," said Randy. "Let's go over the fence into Jim Winnett's yard and see what we can do for him."

"That's a go; and bring the bottles along," adled Walt Davis, the boy who had suggested the scattering. "We've already emptied the one I found, and I'd like to see what the rest of you's got."

Randy did not favor this addition to his plan, but made no protest. Taking different courses to the Winnett yard, the boys soon collected at the appointed place and opened council between two large hay stacks sufficiently distant from the residence or the schoolhouse to make caution unnecessary to prevent discovery from these places.

"Winnett's got some hay loaded up ready to feed in the morning," observed Randy. "Let's throw it off'm the wagon."

"O, let's see that stuff," insisted Walt. "I don't believe you fellers found anything after all."

"You don't, eh?" retorted Randy. "Wha'd'ye call this?" and he held up a bottle.

"Well now, if he hain't—" began Walt, seasoning his language with a good supply of profanity. He snatched the bottle from Randy's hand and threw away the cork.

"Here's to you, boys," he called out, and took several swallows from the bottle.

"Not so fast, there!" shouted another; and Walt in his turn lost the bottle. Then a general scramble followed in which all engaged to a greater or less extent except Dick and Randy. Finally, most of the contents of the bottle having run out on the snow, they stopped by common consent to have a taste of what was left. Forming in something like a circle, they passed the bottle round; but when it reached Randy it was empty.

"O, it don't matter anyhow, does it, Randy? If you'd 'a' wanted the bottle you'd 'a' fought for it with the rest of us; but you wouldn't dare take a drink, would you?" said Walt, in a taunting way.

Though Randy had expressed no definite opinion about drinking, he had managed to follow his mother's and sister's advice in this particular, and he had taken the bottles from the sleigh only to annoy the owner; but it was hard to "take a dare," and quick as thought he held another bottle aloft.

"I don't fight for a smell of an empty bottle, when I've got one like this!" he said hotly, uncorking the bottle and putting it to his lips.

"Here, that'll spoil our fun," said Dick, intercepting Randy's act.

"No, give it to them that likes it!" shouted Walt, springing to seize the flask; but before his hand touched the object of its grasp, Randy had hurled the bottle through the air; and an instant later was heard the mingled sound of liquid and broken glass splashing and crashing among the spokes of a wagon wheel. In another moment the light of a lantern gleamed round the corner of the hay stack. The boys scattered in all directions except that from which the light came, and left Jim Winnett to spend a half hour fretting and fuming, and trying to find what mischief had been done.

Randy did not feel right. He had made up his mind to follow his sister's advice to the extent of letting drink alone, and now he saw that just at the moment when he should have been strong, it was Dick's and not his own courage that had saved him. He was sure that his action had been regarded by his fellows as cowardly, whether they should think of him from the standpoint of temperance or intemperance; because, it seemed, he had shown himself either afraid to drink or afraid not to drink, according to the way those present chose to look at it. As soon as he was outside of Mr. Winnett's yard, he walked slowly towards the schoolhouse, not even daring to speak to Dick, who was at his side. As they neared the window Dick turned away, preferring not to be seen by those within; but Randy, lost in the thoughts of self-reproach, walked quite up to the window, and was recalled to himself by the face of his sister, looking at him with considerable surprise. He instantly drew into the shadow; but deciding at the same moment that this was only a second act of cowardice, he boldly stepped to the window again. The smile he met on his sister's face restored him almost to the mood he was in when he left her at home, earlier in the evening. He saw something of sorrow in her face, but there was no mark of reproof. Signing him to wait a moment, she hurriedly prepared and passed him the note already mentioned. With no intention of disappointing her, he hurried away.

"You must have found something at the window," said Dick, who, acquainted with Randy's peculiarities, had seen the change come over his face, and knew that he could now be spoken to.

"Come and see what it is," said Randy, taking his friend's

arm and leading him into the light from the front window. Here he carefully took the holly leaves from the folds of the paper, and opening the note read aloud:

“Randy: Don’t forget our talk.  
Go home to mother, won’t you?  
Ray.”

At once there was a conflict within him between reason and a resentment towards advice from others. If he had kept the contents of the note to himself, perhaps the result would have been different: but at an unlucky moment when he allowed his haughtiness to be in the mastery, he said bitterly, “I guess I can’t take care of myself!” and tearing the paper up, he threw the note and all away. But the next thought was one of repentance and deeper shame than ever. He saw that he had given way to weakness while in the very act of resolving to be courageous. His mortification was increased by Dick, who, with a high regard for the goodwill of his school teacher, as well as that of her hot-tempered brother, looked at Randy reproachfully and said, “I don’t want her to see me in this crowd; I’m going home.”

Dick walked away. Randy watched him, and was bitter again. He persuaded himself that Dick was wrong in leaving him thus alone; but Dick should find there were others who would be glad of Randy’s companionship. Walt Davis knew how to be true to friends, and—. But he was yielding once more to cowardice. He thought again of his mother and sister. Almost unconsciously he began to look for Rachel’s note. Several feet away were the holly leaves, plainly visible on the white snow. He picked them up, and found the cluster unbroken. But the paper was too nearly like the snow to be seen. Stooping down he felt around where he thought he had thrown it. At last he found one fragment—a piece much larger than he expected to find—and carefully put it away with the holly sprig in his inside coat pocket. At that moment he heard a loud voice near him, and turned from further search.

In spite of his anticipation of pleasure in witnessing George Davis’s disappointment, Randy was so absorbed in other matters that he had forgotten the bottles. Henry and George were now

returning from the fence. George wanted to be angry, but Henry insisted on being good-natured.

"I tell you, Henry, it's a shame!" shouted George, with a volley of words that would not sound well reproduced.

"O, well, never mind; let's go in and dance," answered Henry. "We'll soon forget all about it."

"I tell you, I can't forget it, and I won't! I've got to have something. Confound it!" and George clenched his fists in disappointment, "if I'd known it in time to tell Walt to drive around by Miles's when I let him have the sleigh. It's ten to one Walt has the bottles himself. But he ain't likely to be back for two hours. Hello, there's Randy. Say, Randy, who got the stuff I left under the fence?"

Before Randy's silence could arouse suspicion, a bystander said, "Randy and Dick's been round the house all evening. I don't b'lieve they've been with the other boys."

"Confound it!" resumed George, with a finishing of much worse language. "Say, Henry, wha'd'ye think about letting Randy take a ride down to Miles's for us?"

"Just as he likes," said Henry, without much enthusiasm.

"Wha' do you say about it, Randy?" continued George.

Randy was ready to welcome almost any reasonable opportunity to get away from the loafers round the schoolhouse; and as he could not see any reason why he should not go, he consented.

"Walt has my team," said George, "but you can take any of these outfits, and I'll make it right. The third one from the corner's just the thing. Tell Miles I want two pints of his best."

Leaving Randy to follow out these instructions, George and Henry walked back to the building. There they came suddenly upon Dick, who was looking cautiously about, evidently trying to see everybody without being seen himself.

"And here's Dick," said George; "I thought you wouldn't be far away from Randy. Hurry down to the corner and take a ride with him."

Much to the surprise of George and Henry, Dick appeared very unconcerned; and though he walked slowly towards the place indicated, he had by no means made up his mind to go for the proposed ride. As soon, however, as he saw the two young men

enter the building, he quickened his steps; but before he reached the corner Randy had driven away.

Dick was not satisfied with the way he and Randy had parted, and had really come back to have a better understanding. Now he was disappointed, and turning about started again towards his pony. On the way he heard some loud talking in a little group, and paused to listen. The scene was not new to him. In the center of the group was a young man so thoroughly intoxicated that he could not stand. The bully of the neighborhood, Jack Billings, who regarded himself as indispensable on all important occasions, had officiously taken upon himself the duty of caring for the drunken man, and was persuading him to go home.

"Come with me down to my cutter, Bill," he said, "and let's take a little ride."

Slowly the group moved toward the designated place, and Dick followed them. When they had gone a few rods, Jack stopped short upon finding his sleigh gone. Then he burst out in all his fury, calling innumerable cursings down upon the heads of those so free to disregard the rights of others, forgetting that he himself had often been guilty of much worse offenses. He was not long learning where the sleigh had gone. One had seen Randy Palmer come down this way alone. Another had heard George ask Randy to go to Miles's. Still another observed that the fact of Randy's being alone was suspicious. At this last suggestion Dick withdrew, for he was aware that all knew who was Randy's closest friend. At a safe distance he listened to the language of Billings, who declared that the time had now come to teach these boys a lesson.

"The officer's here tonight, and I'll have Randy Palmer pulled while he's got possession of the outfit!" he declared.

"But Randy ain't to blame so much as George Davis," said one, who perhaps felt some guilt at having been so free in giving evidence.

"I tell you it's these little devils I'm after!" shouted Jack. "It's them that's done all the mischief here tonight. If Randy ain't guilty, let him prove it. If George Davis wants to stand up for him, let him go ahead. But it's Randy Palmer I'm after. I won't have any trouble, either; the constable's as much in for put-



ting this kind of thing down as any one. I tell you I've made up my mind."

And so it proved. The constable was ready. Soon the injured Jack was seated beside the dignified officer, and both were on their way to overtake Randy. Dick, who had been undecided what to do a short time before, quickly made up his mind when the impetuous Jack stepped into the constable's sleigh. Running at his utmost speed, he loosed Nibs from the fence, sprang into the saddle, and then dashed down the road like a meteor, if the snow from his horse's feet could have been seen. The sure-footed Nibs, seeming to understand the situation, required no urging, but in a few moments brought his young master up to the side of Randy's pursuers. The appearance of Dick riding at full speed aroused the suspicions of the men in the sleigh. Not entirely free themselves from the effects of drink, they urged their horses along and for a short distance gave Dick a close race. But Nibs, with his slight burden, was too fast for the other horse, who was compelled to draw a sleigh with two men. Dick, therefore, was soon in the lead and out of the officer's sight. A few moments later he overtook Randy, who was going leisurely along as though more interested in his own thoughts than in performing his errand.

Dick hastily told why he had come, and proceeded with an explanation of his quickly devised plan.

"Take Nibs and keep out of their reach. I'll tie Jack's horse to the fence, and they'll be sure to stop when they see the outfit standing still. I'll drop into the ditch over the fence and go back home as soon as they leave. They won't look for me because they'll see Nibs ain't here, an' they'll think we're both on him." While speaking, Dick helped Randy in executing this much of his plan.

"Now, get on, and go!" said he.

Randy quickly mounted, but said, "You come, too."

"No," insisted Dick, "you can go faster alone. 'Tain't far home. After they give you up, come back and sleep with me, or, if you want to go home, fasten the reins to the saddle and Nibs will come back all right. Now go! They're nearly here!" and to stop further protest, he slapped Nibs with his hand, causing the spirited pony to dash away with the hot-tempered, thoughtless Randy.

Dick reached the ditch and dropped into it just in time to

escape discovery by the men in the sleigh. As he had predicted, they drew up when they saw Jack's horse. The situation at once dawned on them.

"There's no use following them any further," said Billings. "The best way to get them, is to wait till morning." Dick Rogers and Randy Palmer with old Nibs are too sharp to fall into our hands this night."

The constable hesitated a moment. "I guess that's right enough," he said, "but it might look a little better—a little more like doing our dooty—to go on a piece."

"Yes, I think we'd better go on about as far as Miles's," returned Jack; and after a few mutual compliments on their love for law and order, each seated himself in his own sleigh and drove to Miles's saloon. But they did not stay long, for it was growing late, and it would not do to have their reputation suffer from false reports of their failure. They must hurry back before the dance closed and see that all went home with an increased respect for Jack Billings and the constable.

At the schoolhouse, the most important result of their announcement was one in which Jack and the constable were little interested. As may be supposed, Rachel was in great suspense, and Henry had some concern. Much relief had come to Rachel when Henry told, by his open, triumphant expression, that he had not been drinking, but she had been troubled again at hearing of Randy's errand and Jack's determination. She had just drawn Henry again to her, and was satisfying herself that he had told her everything, when word was brought in that Jack and the constable had returned with the sleigh, but that Dick and Randy had escaped on old Nibs.

Rachel and Henry returned to their home as happy as they had left it, except that Henry's conscience told him that circumstances instead of his own strength had kept him sober. Mrs. Palmer, of course, had been troubled by serious misgivings prompted by recollections of the past; but her heart leaped with joy when her son followed Rachel into the "front room," for she well knew that he would not do this had he been drinking. Almost simultaneously the mother and sister inquired for Randy, and each was disappointed in the unsatisfactory answer received; but Henry

allayed his mother's alarm by telling her what Rachel already knew—except the purpose of Randy's taking the sleigh—and saying that Randy would stay all night with Dick.

On the whole, when these three retired for the remainder of the night, they were happier than they had dared hope to be. True, Randy was in a sense hiding from the constable, and Mrs. Palmer was not pleased with her son's remaining away from home without permission; but they confidently believed that the passionate Jack Billings would relax before morning, and under the circumstances the mother could see why Randy would stay with Dick and not intentionally slight her authority. But, outweighing all the sorrow was the joy of knowing that the Christmas Eve dance had passed, and Henry had won a victory!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Pocatello, Idaho.

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## ACKNOWLEDGE GOD WHATE'ER YOUR FATE.

WRITTEN BY THE LATE DAVID M. STUART.

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Acknowledge God whate'er your fate,  
In all life's trials, take this stand;  
The pure and good only are great,  
And ever blessed who own his hand.  
Come wealth or want, come good or ill,  
May we with grace accept our part,  
Approve kind heaven's superior will  
And do it with a cheerful heart.  
Do well your part, and win the prize  
Battle to conquer, if you can,  
And if you fail, or if you rise,  
Still aim to be an honest man.  
Oh! Sacred flame, inspire your heart,  
And potent stand for God and right,  
Until his knowledge fills the earth;  
Then peace and plenty shall abound,  
And truth and freedom make us one,  
And every man in every place,  
Well pleased. proclaim God's will be done

Ogden, Utah, January 1, 1895.

## LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

BY JAMES H. ANDERSON, OF THE GENERAL BOARD OF Y. M. M. I. A.

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“We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren. He that loveth not his brother abideth in death.”

Thus wrote the Apostle John to those who had become members of the Church of Jesus Christ; and the affection to which he refers characterizes the Saints in all ages, in their relations with each other. Having rendered obedience to the laws and ordinances of the gospel, their love for their fellow disciples fills their souls, surpassing even the ties of kinship.

The condition thus made to exist by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost has joined the Latter-day Saints, as it did the Saints anciently, in a union that has borne them up through many afflictions, and enabled them to overcome many difficulties. By it they have been made strong, and have progressed steadfastly in the knowledge of the Lord, because it has brought them nearer to him.

All mankind have their weaknesses, however, and those who have received the gospel are no exception to the rule. It is true that when they are diligent and faithful in observing the commands of the Almighty, their position as Saints is sufficiently strong to give them power over temptation, and to deliver them from evil. But there are many who occasionally relax their vigilance, and the adversary is not slow to take advantage of it. Thus it is that upon some there grows, almost unconsciously, a feeling of envy, and an inclination to find fault with their neighbors. The insidious influence of a desire to backbite or speak evil of another is allowed to gain a foothold, and consequently the measure of love is decreased. Whenever this disturbing element enters into the as-

sociations of the Saints, there is something amiss with those who allow themselves to be controlled by it.

There is no law of the gospel that requires the Saints to acquiesce in, or even submit to, evil. It is their duty to set themselves firmly against wrong-doing—to oppose evil in every garb. But this does not justify the sitting in judgment of one upon another, merely because the latter has some peculiarity to which the former is not accustomed, or some manner of action not in precise harmony with his views. So long as the peculiarity or act is not subversive of a principle of truth, there is no basis on which to rest a condemnation. Possibly, on a more thorough investigation, the apparent beam would prove but a shadow of the mote in closer proximity to the point of vision.

Many people are like a peevish child just recovering from an attack of illness. While it is still under the influence of the pain and nervous prostration which are the effect of the disease, nothing that can be done will please or satisfy it. What apparently had given it pleasure one moment, would bring an opposite result the next instant. There are grown-up people who are given to a kind of peevishness that makes them disagreeable to all around, and works a serious injury to themselves. Each little act of their fellow-beings has in it something that does not suit them, and they fret and fume about it. They do not think of commending anything that is done for them, but must ever find fault with it. They go farther, and even impute evil motives to those who are sincerely seeking to benefit, please and bless them. They become disgruntled at the state of the weather, and give vent to their displeasure by being spiteful to others. They are, unfortunately, worse than the peevish child, for, when sickness passes away from the latter, it is cheerful and forgiving, but the chronic grumbler is neither.

No one who gives way to a spirit of faultfinding can enjoy the light of the gospel. We cannot close our eyes to the good, and find peace in a morbid desire to gaze upon evil. The inclination to search out weaknesses and failings in others, who are striving honestly to do right, does not provide suitable companionship for that love of our brethren and sisters which enables us to pass from death unto life. We are not in the line of our duty as Saints

when we are seeking occasion to complain of others. The beloved disciple taught this principle when he wrote the words which have been quoted, and added:

“By this we know that we love the children of God, when we love God and keep his commandments.”

Realizing the force of this rule, and knowing the proneness of man to find fault with and contend against his fellows, the burden of the instruction given by the Divine Master was: “Cease from strife; love one another; be ye one.” To the teachers, who, in his Church organization, are ordained to engage in a calling that reaches every family and every member, he has said:

“See that there is no iniquity in the Church—neither hardness with each other—neither lying, backbiting, or evil speaking.”

When, after his resurrection, he appeared to the people on the western hemisphere—to those “other sheep” of whom he spoke to the disciples at Jerusalem—they gathered around and worshiped the risen Redeemer. The welcome words of life fell upon eager ears, and almost the first expression of his will was:

“For verily, verily, I say unto you, he that hath the spirit of contention is not of me, but is of the devil, who is the father of all contention, and he stirreth up the hearts of men to contend with anger, one with another. Behold this is not my doctrine, to stir up the hearts of men to contend with anger, one against another; but this is my doctrine, that such things should be done away.”

The doctrine of the Lord is that of peace. “See that ye love one another,” is his command, and “Cease to find fault one with another,” his law to the Saints. In this does the principle of charity—the pure love of Christ—receive practical application; and without it, as Paul says, “Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.”

Subsequent to the Redeemer’s visit to the Nephites, the people continued for many years to enjoy a heavenly peace. The sacred historian relates how “there were no contentions and disputations among them, and every man did deal justly one with another.” Marvelous works were wrought by the disciples of the Lord, the sick being healed, the dead raised, and all manner of miracles performed. There were no envyings, or strifes, or

tumults among them, because of the love of God which dwelt in their hearts. In recording this glorious state of things, the Prophet, in the fulness of his rejoicing, exclaims: "Surely there could not have been a happier people among all the people who had been created by the hand of God!" This was because they were one, the followers of Christ, and heirs to the kingdom of heaven.

That which was possible with the Nephites, eighteen centuries ago, is possible in this dispensation with the Latter-day Saints, upon their conforming to the same principles. Such results are not attained by mortals in an instant, or with a breath, but require earnest effort and steadfast faith. As individuals, we are yet far from being prepared for the condition here spoken of. But we know the means by which it was reached, and have the same gifts, authority and powers of the gospel that the Nephites possessed. The position which they enjoyed is worth every effort to attain to. An important step towards it, and that brings its blessings with it, is that we "cease to find fault one with another," and devote ourselves more energetically than heretofore to laboring for the establishment of the love of God and of our neighbors in our hearts, to the exclusion of every opposing influence.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

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### BE THOU PERFECT.

*(For the Improvement Era.)*

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Stay thy tongue; judge not thy brother;  
Can'st thou read his inmost thought:  
His heart's purpose can'st thou measure,

Whil'st with weakness thou art  
fraught?

Hast thou heard his anguished plead-  
ings,

As the bitter tear-drops start?

Hast thou seen his earnest strivings,  
To obtain the better part?

Who made thee thy brother's keeper?  
Did Almighty plan with thee?

Salt Lake City, Utah.

He who fashioned ev'ry fibre,  
He alone doth hold the key.

Doth thy trembling feet ne'er stumble?  
Art thou ne'er misunderstood?  
Are thy breathings always holy,  
And thy secret thoughts all good?

Be thou perfect, O my brother,  
Clothe thyself with charity,  
Though thy gifts were great as moun-  
tains,

Failing this, they're dross to thee.

RUTH MAY FOX.

## MAXIMILIAN.

BY SUSA YOUNG GATES.

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### II.

#### JUNE AT QUERETARO.

This narrative will not concern itself with the tragic sorrows of the Mexican Emperor, during the six months which followed his Christmas visit to the old Mexican palace occupied by his countryman and friend the Prince Salm Salm. All students of history are familiar with the constant desertion and treachery of the priests and Mexican generals. Only two remained true to their Emperor and their promises, Miramon, and Mejia, the Indian general. The unhappy final arrest of the Emperor and these two officers in June, 1867, is also a matter of history.

The last day of the Emperor's confinement in the bare cell of the deserted convent of San Tersita, near Queretaro, there entered to his presence the two faithful friends who had followed all his later unhappy fortunes, the Prince Salm Salm and his wife.

"And is it thus we still find you, sire?" exclaimed the Austrian officer. "This indignity must not, cannot, be allowed to continue longer."

"Nay, my friend, princes and paupers accept prisons as part of their heritage."

"But, your majesty, it is monstrous. The Queen Victoria, your royal English cousin, your brother-in-law, the King of Belgium, and your royal kinspeople sitting on thrones in Italy and Sweden, these will not suffer this insult to go unpunished."

"Nay, my friends; be not hopeful. My own heart whispers that my end is near. What is it the little Indian maiden sang on Christmas last?



“Wise Oyoyotzin, prudent king,  
Unrivalled Prince and great,  
Enjoy the fragrant flowers that spring  
Around thy kingly state;  
A day will come which shall destroy  
Thy present bliss,—thy present joy,—  
When fate, the scepter of command  
Shall wrench from out thy royal hand,—  
Thy moon diminished rise;  
And as thy pride and strength are quenched,  
From thy adherents shall be wrenched  
All that they love or prize.”

“Oh, that was an old song, written a hundred years ago by Nezahualcoyotl, the Lord of Tezcuco” answered the Princess. “It has no reference or prophecy for you, sire, nor for an enlightened Christian monarchy.”

“But the words have haunted me, ever since I heard them sung by the Princess Montezuma in your palace, Christmas Eve last. I found the whole sad poem, as well as others akin thereto; and in them all lies a solemn adjuration and prophecy for those who care to read.”

With an impatient shrug at such fatalist “notions,” the determined American woman began a hurried account of her efforts to liberate the imprisoned monarch. She recounted her desperate attempts to bribe the various foreign ministers, in one way and another, and of the final cowardice of them all, which had tightened the chain about Maximilian. She repeated the cruel words of Lopez, who had brutally betrayed the gentle king who had trusted him with his life and his empire; she pictured to her listener some of the dangers and difficulties which both she and her husband had encountered in their superhuman efforts to liberate their innocent and suffering friend, although that was a mere incident of her story.

The Emperor listened with a quiet sadness, and when the impulsive narrative was finished, he took the lady’s hand, and, bowing over it, he said, mournfully,

“The friendship of kings brings either honor and glory, or disgrace and misery to the unfortunates who are nearest the throne. But, believe me, that which I now suffer is well-nigh repaid with the knowledge of such devotion and truth in man and woman. I

may never repay the obligation under which I lie to my friend Salm Salm and to his noble wife; but God, who rewards virtue, will not leave my debt unpaid."

"That is neither here nor there," answered the Princess; "what is left to do, that must I perform. We have talked the matter over, and Felix feels that I may have some woman's wit or persuasion to touch the stony heart of this Indian rebel, Juarez. He is said to possess some common traits of humanity. And my carriage is now outside to convey me to his headquarters. Meanwhile Felix will leave no stone unturned to provide a way for your secret escape, if my mission falls to the ground."

"Nay, nay, my friends; you must do neither of these things. I could not bear to have you sue where you should demand. And as for escape, there is all the danger for you, and—"

But the Princess would wait to hear no more. She turned and left the room with scant regard for ceremony. A life, and an innocent life was at stake. Her husband quickly followed her retreating footsteps, and Maximilian was again left alone.

The light was poor, in this dreary convent cell, half sunk under the ground as it was, and with only a slit in the upper walls for light and air. The room was vacant of furniture, except a rude stone bench across one end, and against the outer wall rested a tall, wooden, rickety-looking altar. The worm-eaten relic of the old Spanish monks was set so loosely against the wall, that one might fear its toppling over. But the present occupant had little care for his surroundings. His mind was numbed and dulled to all extraneous objects. The tortured thoughts which coursed through his brain with vivid agony, was the repetition of the mistakes of the past three years, and his own seeming helplessness to avert the calamity which had overtaken himself and his two only faithful followers, Miramon and Mejia. For himself, he was not afraid to die; but Mejia had a wife and babe; while Miramon had many loving friends and relatives in far-away France. Why must they suffer?

Up and down he paced in his narrow cell, his mind rejecting one plan after another to liberate these two comrades.

Outside, the leering, squint-eyed deserter from his own ranks, who had been set for the death-watch, clanked with heavy tread,

passing the door every few seconds in his tiger watch over his despised victim. And ever, as he passed, his wicked eye looked greedily and sneeringly on the man who had failed to keep the luxurious promise of success which had once been so bright. How wicked brutes do gloat over a fallen, good man!

The heavy tread, the leering eye, became the one intolerable thing in Maximilian's life. Death, that was a momentary suffering. All men must die. But this horrible, pouncing, pounding tread, that bloodshot, squinting eye—that was torture! How could he live this year-long day to its far-reaching end!

In vain he picked up the one only book which the cell afforded—a Universal History cast by some strange chance in this dreary cell. He stood up near the narrow window, and sought to forget, in the battered pages, the sound of those tramping feet, the sight of those leering, ferocious eyes. The sensitive mind of the imagination and dreamy monarch was bent to almost breaking point by the crushing hand of a relentless fate which others had prepared for him. And as always in human life, it was the outer trifles which held the present keenest suffering, like the bubbles of foam which betray the troubled storm on some distant rock-ribbed shore.

At last, Escobedo, the terrible, foolish youth who had made his death possible, came into the cell, followed by the good German priest, Father Soria. Escobedo read, with great unction, the death sentence, and then pronounced with gusty volume, the sentence of death on those who should aid or abet the condemned men. The Emperor listened with quiet courtesy, and then begged the emissary of the Revolutionary Government to carry a telegram he had prepared to General Benito Juarez.

Escobedo accepted the missive with small grace, and proceeded to read it before his prisoner's eyes, with impudent frankness.

It was an earnest appeal to Juarez to release the two confined Generals, Mejia, and Miramon, while allowing Maximilian alone to suffer the decree of death.

"I will safely send this, Senor, although it will avail you or them nothing. But I would not have you think me scant of manners, even to a traitor."

And so saying, the chesty little man strutted out of the cell. Father Soria remained behind, for a few moments, although

the scowling jailor constantly evidenced his dislike of this priestly interference with the "proper" suffering of the condemned man.

After he had gone, the prisoner again turned to his little window for his last glimpse of life and light and sky-blue radiance. The cracked old bell in the tower above struck out the hour of six. There was only a little patch of sky visible, but that was very precious. Yet, even as his eyes lingered on the blue, he saw the country's scavenger, the vultures, circling and swinging slowly and solemnly, just above his window. Why this sight should so depress him, he could not tell. He had watched their horrible, winged habits many times since coming to Mexico. And he had even half-praised the custom which permitted these birds of the air to be the hygienic assistants which man himself would not provide in this tropical land. But now—there was something which seemed a very part of that heavy tread and jeering scowl of his death watch centered in the circling wings of these ugly birds of prey. It became unbearable.

What weakness was this, which held a strong man in thrall? He was not afraid of death. No, nor of suffering; it had been his daily portion, for these many years. But now, there must be something the matter with his nerves. He had laughed at such absurdities in years gone by, in his poor wife, and now he himself was giving way to the same folly. Poor, unhappy wife; dead to all the world, and utterly unconscious of his present sufferings, thanks be to God for that!

He went over to the rude altar, and bowed before its symbol. The shades of evening would soon blot out both sky and vultures. He would wait, and watch, and pray.

The hours passed in some dull way, and the night brought a change of sentinels to pace the solemn march of death outside the three condemned men's cells. But the sound was still heavy, still dreary, and most acute.

As the clash of sabers, and the roll of feet in the courtyard lost their sharpness, because of night and darkness, the weary monarch stretched himself upon the stone bench, and quietly shut his eyes, to woo sleep and forgetfulness.

"My last sleep on earth," sounded through his brain as if a voice had spoken it; he half arose, and then, with stern, tightening

of all his mental faculties, he once more lay down upon the bench.

At last he slept; and dreamed of his mother in the quaint old Austrian garden, plucking roses to pelt him with because of some boyish mischief.

He knew not the hour of night, but suddenly, he was wide awake, and peering into the semi-gloom across his cell. The moonlight filtered into the little room, and showed him the dim outlines of the huge wooden altar, yet surely, he was dreaming! The thing was moving outward. He was not without some superstition of his own, and the gruesome tales of monks and Indians in this mystic land had sometimes left a faint impression of reality behind. But surely the altar was moving out into the room, swinging, as it were to one side. He heard a slight creaking, as if a rusty spring were turning, and then he sprang to his feet, and darted to the altar.

Just as he was about to call out, a soft hand was flung across his lips, and a woman's voice whispered into the depths of his ear, "Hush, do not cry out; it is I, thy Malinche! Do you not know me?"

For a moment his mind was a blank. Then, as he felt the soft pressure of the lips upon his hand, he murmured, "The little Indian princess?"

"Even so. Ah, my king, I come from the ever gracious lord and prince, Salm Salm. He has scattered gold like water. He has broken down the most terrible barriers to make your dear escape possible. See; I have uncovered the long-hidden secret passage to this cell, made by my own ancestors during their times of war and siege. And we have worked, my people and I, for days to reach this spot, without giving an alarm. And now—"

"But stay! Little one! This will put your own life in jeopardy. I cannot, must not allow such cruel sacrifice. Go at once, and withdraw all your friends from this haunted spot. See, I command it! Shall I not be obeyed?"

"My lord, my king." And in the silent gloom, she pressed one hand upon his breast, and with her other tender fingers laid across his lips, she poured forth her words. She told of the fruitless visit of her American mistress to Juarez. And of the ac-

ceptance by both prince and princess of the Indian's plan for escape.

"Outside, beyond this place, where the subterranean passage ends, you will find the prince of Salm Salm, with three trusty soldiers ready to take you at once to the sea coast, where a ship awaits your arrival. Ah, you will not let these wicked men commit murder, even on your own person, if the way of escape is provided? Say you will not! My soul, my life is bound up in yours. Must I, too, perish? Come, dearest lord. When I can reach the brazen sea then thou wilt owe thy life to me," she said. "There is not a moment to lose. Take my hand; the hand of one who has worshiped afar, but who would give her life to save yours. Come, so! Now stoop, so! the passage is low, and you are very tall, and very straight. So tall you are beside your little Indian maid."

The soft voice and thrilling touch half bewildered him. There was a powerful magnet hid somewhere in this slender girl's form; and without staying to analyze his emotions, he let the little hand lead, while he crouched swiftly down to follow after her behind the altar. Suddenly he whispered, as they crept along the passage, "where is the sentinel, the death watch?"

"He is gone, for two hours. My mistress' gold was a bribe he could not refuse. He is asleep outside the walls, for two short hours, for only two short hours, my lord."

Again the little hand grasped his, and the soft form nestled ever so slightly against his own crouched figure as if for protection.

With bated breath he crept after her. At length, after traversing a long, low, underground corridor, they stood upright in a black space, and she whispered lightly in his ear:

"Be very quiet now. This is the outer chamber of the convent. Follow me, but do not breathe."

He did as he was bid, and he heard a door open on its rusty hinges, and soon they were out in the glorious air, free, and with the carriage but a hundred rods from them under the shadowy trees.

The girl turned, and reaching up on tip toe, she placed her two hands beside his bearded lips, and said with the sadness of the grave in her tones:

"Death would be sweet if I were only near you. But you will be in foreign lands, and I——"

The words seemed to recall Maximilian's scattered senses. Sternly he asked:

"This escape you have planned; does it include my friends?"

"Your friends the Prince of Salm Salm and his wife? Yes; they are in yonder carriages."

"And Miramon, Mejia?"

The girl hesitated, "They will not be forgotten," she answered.

"And you? You have put your neck in a halter for me, while my two comrades will die the death I am so ignobly escaping. Little girl, I have lived as a prince. I cannot survive as a deserter. Come, let us at once retrace our steps, least our flight be discovered. Come, I say, come. I shall pound upon that door if you do not obey me!"

With a groan of abject agony, the loving girl turned as if she would speed to the distant carriage. Quick as she was, he was quicker. With a half fatherly, yet altogether tender gesture, he caught and held the little fugitive close to his breast for one sweet, swift moment. And bending down he whispered low in her ear:

"Would Quetzalcoatl welcome a coward to the society of the gods?"

"Ah-h-h!" The sobbing cry was torn from her deepest soul. She twined her arms about his neck, and laying her face close to his heart for an instant's space, she pleaded with her gods for strength. Then, proudly raising her head, she unclasped her arms, saying simply: "A princess cannot betray a king. I will go back."

And back they turned; she knocked, with a peculiar, broken rhythm on the rude, barred door, and it was opened on the instant.

Back they crept and crouched, she leading, he clinging to the little guiding hand with a strong answering pressure of help and sustenance in this her time of sorest need.

At last they were at the entrance of the cell, and once within, he stood upright, and, placing his hand on her silken hair, he whispered solemnly and earnestly:

"Today, if I am permitted to enter the presence of the

Heavenly Judge, I shall first petition him to keep and guard till life is ended, my beloved sister and friend, my Malinche!"

"And what of the brazen sea, my lord? And oh, when my lonely earth life is ended; then, sire?"

With a sad accent of remorse, he answered:

"I have led my beloved ones astray in this life. Who may speak for the other life? Thy brazen sea is a riddle, which only eternity can unravel. But here, take this little Bible. It was my mother's. Read it well, my Indian princess, for somewhere within you will find the story of a great king, Solomon. He built a brazen sea. But he was not an Indian God. So thy dream is still a dark puzzle. But read my Bible well, for I would that my heaven should be thy heaven, and my God thy God."

"Dear Lord, I shall meet you some time, somewhere, and who may separate us?"

Suddenly the great bell outside in the upper tower struck five; and they saw the daylight struggling to cross the tiny window bars. The sound recalled all that the day was bringing.

The girl clung sobbing and moaning to him. But just then the clink of sabers, the sound of slow approaching feet warned them that discovery was upon them.

Maximilian pressed one farewell kiss upon her quivering mouth, and then carried the little form across the dim room; and, fairly pushing her within the yawning hole they had so recently left, he crowded against the altar until it swung within; the last sound he heard behind the secret door was the padding flight of the girl, broken by her sobbing cries.

But when his horrible guard, the squint-eyed Pelecios, came and stood without the door, he found his royal prisoner kneeling quietly on the altar steps, and mumbling out a prayer for all mankind.

It was a calm and dignified Prince Joseph of Austria and Emperor Maximilian of Mexico, who stood calmly within his cell, listening to the approach of his death guard who were to convey him to the place of execution. He stepped as calmly into the adjoining cell and bade his companion prisoners a grave, but cheerful good-morning. And it was a calm and kingly man who walked between his guard until he was in the cool, open air of the new day. The



deep blue sky, the radiance on every green and blooming thing swept up to eye and nostril with quivering recollection. Drawing a deep breath of the delightful free air about his face, he said reverently:

"I have always wanted to die on such a day as this."

And when they had all entered the shabby carriages, he tried to show to his people a face of resignation, not hate, of forgiveness, not despair.

The hill was surrounded by a swaying, curious crowd, held back by the soldiers. And over all, the hush of death was pallid and somber. The emperor walked quietly into the open square of soldiers, and begged that his eyes might not be bandaged.

As the dread, slow steps of the men gathered in, around the doomed prisoners, he turned to the soldiers and people, and said with sad emphasis:

"I have sought to do you good, my people, but it has not so fallen out. I hold no malice against any man. But let me pray to God that my blood shall be the last shed for Mexico."

And then the signal was given; and the three condemned men stood proudly erect, the emperor pointing calmly to his heart as the spot at which they were to aim. The jangled bell struck six of the morning, while the vultures screamed above them.

The loud report of the guns had hardly left the quivering air before a woman's long, shuddering cry followed the grim explosion. And then a thousand sobbing cries and heavy groans cut the blue sky with shuddering horror.

The three prisoners lay dead and quiet; the emperor, still with a smile of pity for his enemies upon his finely-chisled lips. The silken beard was not marred, nor the classic face disturbed. But someone hurriedly drew the staring lids down over the beautiful eyes, for the look of grieved pain there could not be borne, even by his enemy.

The mass of Indians on the outskirts were weeping and moaning with all the abandon of their loving devotion to the ruler who had brought the only hope and comfort they had ever known.

In the center of this crowd a dark-tressed girl lay fainting in a woman's arms. As the soldiers broke angrily in upon this crowd, one of them growled with his pistol at the old woman's ear: "Why do ye weep, slaves?"

"For our only friend, the murdered emperor," answered the sharp voice of a man; and as he spoke, a brown arm flashed out and slashed a knife deep into the heart of the cruel soldier.

Murder, crime, despair! And why? Only the vultures tried to read the riddle, as they circled and swung above the surging, sweating, swearing crowd. But vultures must live, good sirs!

And above all, beyond all, and through all, rings the prophecy of the gods: "No king shall reign in all the land of Anahuac."

Where is Maximilian, and where Malinche? Are the vultures the only expounders of the riddle? Nay, the gods have not forgotten. Quetzalcoatl still remembers all his promises, and some day he will make it plain. Maximilian and Marina are waiting, somewhere, some place. Who knows the key to open their prison doors? Who bids the captive welcome, and sets the prisoner free? Is it not Quetzalcoatl? Then wait, and watch, and pray, my Malinche, the time is nigh, just at thy prison door. The humming-bird of promise is beating back the birds of gloom and death. Thy deliverer approaches! For when thou, or one of thy kindred, doth enter the brazen sea, then shalt thou and thine be forever free.

[THE END.]

Salt Lake City, Utah.

### A GODLY PEOPLE BLESS THE EARTH.

[DEDICATED TO THE BRETHREN OF THE CENTRAL STATES MISSION, BY A FRIEND.]

A godly people bless the earth,  
By kindly deeds and saintly worth;  
America! thou grand and free!  
To gospel glories bend the knee,  
In humble thankfulness and prayer,  
For these are gaining everywhere;

From revelation's reop'd fount,  
These glorious latter days they count,  
When men from strife and wrong shall  
flee, .

And earth—a paradise to be—  
Receive the lessons hidden long  
In joy sublime, and gladsome song.

Kansas City, Missouri.

Let menace to all evil come,  
With good disproving slander's tongue.  
Ope thy heart, each soul who bore  
False witness, thoughtless, o'er and o'er;  
Thou art forgiven; carst thou forgive,  
And "Mormon" precepts strive to live?

These Latter-days mean peace for all—  
These Saints in gladness meekly call  
To share the joys bequeathed from  
heaven

For them, for thee, the precious heaven—  
That all God's children born to earth  
May merit life divine from birth.

JOHN A. LANT.

# THE HISTORY OF RASSELAS.

PRINCE OF ABYSSINIA.

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BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL. D.

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## CHAPTER X.

IMLAC'S HISTORY CONTINUED    A DISSERTATION ON POETRY.

“Wherever I went, I found that poetry was considered as the highest learning, and regarded with a veneration somewhat approaching to that which man would pay to the Angelic Nature. And yet it fills me with wonder, that, in almost all countries, the most ancient poets are considered as the best; whether it be that every other kind of knowledge is an acquisition gradually attained. and poetry is a gift conferred at once; or that the first poetry of every nation surprised them as a novelty, and retained the credit by consent, which is received by accident at first: or whether, as the province of poetry is to describe nature and passion, which are always the same, the first writers took possession of the most striking objects for description, and the most probable occurrences for fiction and left nothing to those that followed them, but transcription of the same events, and new combinations of the same images. Whatever be the reason, it is commonly observed that the early writers are in possession of nature, and their followers of art; that the first excel in strength and invention, and the latter in elegance and refinement.

“I was desirous to add my name to this illustrious fraternity. I read all the poets of Persia and Arabia, and was able to repeat by memory the volumes that are suspended in the mosque of Mecca. But I soon found that no man was great by imitation. My desire

of excellence impelled me to transfer my attention to nature and to life. Nature was to be my subject, and men to be my auditors: I could never describe what I had not seen: I could not hope to move those with delight or terror, whose interests and opinions I did not understand.

"Being now resolved to be a poet, I saw everything with a new purpose; my sphere of attention was suddenly magnified: no kind of knowledge was to be overlooked. I ranged mountains and deserts for images and resemblances, and pictured upon my mind every tree of the forest and flower of the valley. I observed with equal care the crags of the rock and the pinnacles of the palace. Sometimes I wandered along the mazes of the rivulet, and sometimes watched the changes of the summer clouds. To a poet nothing can be useless. Whatever is beautiful and whatever is dreadful must be familiar to his imagination: he must be conversant with all that is awfully vast or elegantly little. The plants of the garden, the animals of the wood, the minerals of the earth, and meteors of the sky, must all concur to store his mind with inexhaustible variety: for every idea is useful for the enforcement or decoration of moral or religious truth; and he who knows most will have most power of diversifying his scenes, and of gratifying his reader with remote allusions and unexpected instruction.

"All the appearances of nature I was therefore careful to study; and every country which I have surveyed has contributed something to my poetical powers."

"In so wide a survey," said the prince, "you must surely have left much unobserved. I have lived, till now, within the circuit of these mountains, and yet cannot walk abroad without the sight of something which I had never beheld before or never heeded."

"The business of a poet," said Imlac, "is to examine, not the individual, but the species; to remark general properties and large appearances; he does not number the streaks of the tulip, or describe the different shades in the verdure of the forest. He is to exhibit in his portraits of nature such prominent and striking features as recall the original to every mind; and must neglect the minuter discriminations, which one have remarked, and another have neglected, for those characteristics which are alike obvious to vigilance and carelessness.

"But the knowledge of nature is only half the task of a poet; he must be acquainted likewise with all the modes of life. His character requires that he estimate the happiness and misery of every condition; observe the power of all the passions in all their combinations, and trace the changes of the human mind as they are modified by various institutions and accidental influences of climate or custom, from the sprightliness of infancy to the despondence of decrepitude. He must divest himself of the prejudices of his age or country; he must consider right and wrong in their abstracted and invariable state; he must disregard present laws and opinions, and rise to general and transcendental truths, which will always be the same; he must therefore content himself with the slow progress of his name; condemn the applause of his own time, and commit his claims to the justice of posterity. He must write as the interpreter of nature, and the legislator of mankind, and consider himself as presiding over the thoughts and manners of future generations; as a being superior to time and place.

"His labor is not yet at an end; he must know many languages and many sciences: and, that his style may be worthy of his thoughts, must, by incessant practice, familiarize to himself every delicacy of speech and grace of harmony."

## CHAPTER XI.

## IMLAC'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED. A HINT ON PILGRIMAGE.

Imlac now felt the enthusiastic fit, and was proceeding to aggrandize his own profession, when the prince cried out, "Enough! thou hast convinced me that no human being can ever be a poet. Proceed with thy narration."

"To be a poet," said Imlac, "is indeed very difficult."

"So difficult," returned the prince, "that I will at present hear no more of his labors. Tell me whither you went when you had seen Persia."

"From Persia," said the poet, "I traveled through Syria, and for three years resided in Palestine, where I conversed with great numbers of the northern and western nations of Europe; the nations which are now in possession of all power and all knowledge:

whose armies are irresistible, and whose fleets command the remotest parts of the globe. When I compared these men with the natives of our own kingdom, and those that surround us, they appeared almost another order of beings. In their countries it is difficult to wish for anything that may not be obtained: a thousand arts, of which we never heard, are continually laboring for their convenience and pleasure; and whatever their own climate has denied them is supplied by their commerce."

"By what means," said the prince, "are the Europeans thus powerful; or why, since they can so easily visit Asia or Africa for trade or conquest, cannot the Asiatics and Africans invade their coasts, plant colonies in their ports, and give laws to their natural princes? The same wind that carries them back would bring us thither."

"They are more powerful, sir, than we," answered Imlac, "because they are wiser; knowledge will always predominate over ignorance, as man governs the other animals. But why their knowledge is more than ours, I know not what reason can be given, but the unsearchable will of the Supreme Being."

"When," said the prince with a sigh, "shall I be able to visit Palestine, and mingle with this mighty confluence of nations? Till that happy moment shall arrive, let me fill up the time with such representations as thou canst give me. I am not ignorant of the motive that assembles such numbers in that place, and cannot but consider it as the center of wisdom and piety, to which the best and wisest of every land must be continually resorting."

"There are some nations," said Imlac, "that send few visitants to Palestine; for many numerous and learned sects in Europe concur to censure pilgrimage as superstitious, or deride it as ridiculous."

"You know," said the prince, "how little my life has made me acquainted with diversity of opinions: it will be too long to hear the arguments on both sides; you, that have considered them, tell me the result."

"Pilgrimage," said Imlac, "like many other acts of piety, may be reasonable or superstitious, according to the principles upon which it is performed. Long journeys in search of truth are not commanded. Truth, such as is necessary to the regulation of life,

is always found where it is honestly sought. Change of place is no natural cause of the increase of piety, for it inevitably produces dissipation of mind. Yet, since men go every day to view the fields where great actions have been performed, and return with stronger impressions of the event, curiosity of the same kind may naturally dispose us to view that country whence our religion had its beginning: and I believe no man surveys those awful scenes without some confirmation of holy resolutions. That the Supreme Being may be more easily propitiated in one place than in another is the dream of idle superstition; but that some places may operate upon our minds in an uncommon manner is an opinion which hourly experience will justify. He who supposes that his vices may be more successfully combated in Palestine will, perhaps, find himself mistaken; yet he may go thither without folly: he who thinks they will be more freely pardoned dishonors at once his reason and religion."

"These," said the prince, "are European distinctions. I will consider them another time. What have you found to be the effect of knowledge? Are those nations happier than we?"

"There is so much infelicity," said the poet, "in the world, that scarce any man has leisure from his own distresses to estimate the comparative happiness of others. Knowledge, is certainly one of the means of pleasure as is confessed by the natural desire which every mind feels of increasing its ideas. Ignorance is mere privation, by which nothing can be produced: it is a vacuity in which the soul sits motionless and torpid for want of attraction; and, without knowing why, we always rejoice when we learn, and grieve when we forget. I am therefore inclined to conclude, that if nothing counteracts the natural consequence of learning, we grow more happy as our minds take a wider range.

"In enumerating the particular comforts of life, we shall find many advantages on the side of the Europeans. They cure wounds and diseases with which we languish and perish. We suffer inclemencies of weather which they can obviate. They have engines for the despatch of many laborious works which we must perform by manual industry. There is such communication between distant places that one friend can hardly be said to be absent from another. Their policy removes all public inconveniences; they have

roads cut through their mountains, and bridges laid upon their rivers. And, if we descend to the privacies of life, their habitations are more commodious, and their possessions are more secure."

"They are surely happy," said the prince, "who have all these conveniences, of which I envy none so much as the facility with which separated friends interchange their thoughts."

"The Europeans," answered Imlac, "are less unhappy than we, but they are not happy. Human life is everywhere a state in which much is to be endured, and little to be enjoyed."

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE STORY OF IMLAC CONTINUED.

"I am not yet willing," said the prince, "to suppose that happiness is so parsimoniously distributed to mortals; nor can believe but that, if I had the choice of life, I should be able to fill every day with pleasure. I would injure no man, and should provoke no resentment: I would relieve every distress, and should enjoy the benedictions of gratitude. I would choose my friends among the wise and my wife among the virtuous; and therefore should be in no danger from treachery or unkindness. My children should, by my care, be learned and pious, and would repay to my age what their childhood had received. What would dare to molest him who might call on every side to thousands enriched by his bounty, or assisted by his power? And why should not life glide quietly away in the soft reciprocity of protection and reverence? All this may be done without the help of European refinements, which appear by their effects to be rather specious than useful. Let us leave them, and pursue our journey."

"From Palestine," said Imlac, "I passed through many regions of Asia, in the more civilized kingdoms as a trader, and among the barbarians of the mountains as a pilgrim. At last I began to long for my native country, that I might repose, after my travels and fatigue, in the places where I had spent my earliest years, and gladden my old companions with the recital of my adventures. Often did I figure to myself those with whom I had sported away the gay hours of dawning life, sitting around me in its evening, wondering at my tales, and listening to my counsels.



“When this thought had taken possession of my mind, I considered every moment as wasted which did not bring me nearer to Abyssinia. I hastened into Egypt, and notwithstanding my impatience, was detained ten months in the contemplation of its ancient magnificence, and in inquiries after the remains of its ancient learning. I found in Cairo a mixture of all nations; some brought thither by the love of knowledge, some by the hope of gain, and many by the desire of living after their own manner without observation, and of lying hid in the obscurity of multitudes; for in a city, populous as Cairo, it is possible to obtain at the same time the gratifications of society and the secrecy of solitude.

“From Cairo I traveled to Suez, and embarked on the Red Sea, passing along the coast till I arrived at the port from which I had departed twenty years before. Here I joined myself to a caravan, and re-entered my native country.

“I now expected the caresses of my kinsmen, and the congratulations of my friends, and was not without hope that my father, whatever value he had set upon riches, would own with gladness and pride a son who was able to add to the felicity and honor of the nation. But I was soon convinced that my thoughts were vain. My father had been dead fourteen years, having divided his wealth among my brothers, who were removed to some other provinces. Of my companions the greater part was in the grave; of the rest, some could with difficulty remember me, and some considered me as one corrupted by foreign manners.

“A man used to vicissitudes is not easily dejected. I forgot, after a time, my disappointment, and endeavored to recommend myself to the nobles of the kingdom; they admitted me to their tables, heard my story, and dismissed me. I opened a school, and was prohibited to teach. I then resolved to sit down in the quiet of domestic life, and addressed a lady that was fond of my conversation, but rejected my suit because my father was a merchant.

“Wearied at last with solicitations and repulses, I resolved to hide myself forever from the world, and depend no longer on the opinion or caprice of others. I waited for the time when the gate of the *happy valley* should open, that I might bid farewell to hope and fear: the day came; my performance was distinguished

with favor, and I resigned myself with joy to perpetual confinement."

"Hast thou here found happiness at last? Tell me without reserve; art thou content with thy condition? or, dost thou wish to be again wandering and inquiring? All the inhabitants of this valley celebrate their lot, and at the annual visit of the emperor invite others to partake of their felicity."

"Great prince," said Imlac, "I shall speak the truth; I know not one of all your attendants who does not lament the hour when he entered this retreat. I am less unhappy than the rest, because I have a mind replete with images, which I can vary and combine at pleasure. I can amuse my solitude by the renovation of the knowledge which begins to fade from my memory, and by recollections of the incidents of my past life. Yet all this ends in the sorrowful consideration, that my acquirements are now useless, and that none of my pleasures can be again enjoyed. The rest, whose minds have no impression but that of the present moment, are either corroded by malignant passions or sit stupid in the gloom of perpetual vacancy."

"What passions can infest those," said the prince, "who have no rivals? We are in a place where impotence precludes malice, and where all envy is repressed by community of enjoyments."

"There may be community," said Imlac, "of material possessions, but there can never be community of love or of esteem. It must happen that one will please more than another; he that knows himself despised will always be envious; and still more envious and malevolent, if he is condemned to live in the presence of those who despise him. The invitations by which they allure others to a state which they feel to be wretched, proceed from the natural malignity of hopeless misery. They are weary of themselves and of each other, and expect to find relief in new companions. They envy the liberty which their folly has forfeited, and would gladly see all mankind imprisoned like themselves.

"From this crime, however, I am wholly free. No man can say that he is wretched by my permission. I look with pity on the crowds who are annually soliciting admission into captivity, and wish that it were lawful for me to warn them of their danger."

"My dear Imlac," said the prince, "I will open to thee my whole heart. I have long meditated an escape from the *happy valley*. I have examined the mountains on every side, and find myself insuperably barred: teach me the way to break my prison: thou shalt be the companion of my flight, the guide of my rambles, the partner of my fortune, and my sole director in the *choice of life*."

"Sir," answered the poet, "your escape will be difficult; and, perhaps, you may soon repent your curiosity. The world, which you figure to yourself smooth and quiet as the lake in the valley, you will find a sea foaming with tempests and boiling with whirlpools: you will be sometimes overwhelmed with the waves of violence, and sometimes dashed against the rocks of treachery. Amidst wrongs and frauds, competitions and anxieties, you will wish a thousand times for these seats of quiet, and willingly quit hope to be free from fear."

"Do not seek to deter me from my purpose," said the prince; "I am impatient to see what thou hast seen; and since thou art thyself weary of the valley, it is evident that thy former state was better than this. Whatever be the consequence of my experiment, I am resolved to judge with mine own eyes of the various conditions of men, and then to make deliberately my *choice of life*."

"I am afraid," said Imlac, "you are hindered by stronger restraints than my persuasions; yet, if your determination is fixed, I do not counsel you to despair. Few things are impossible to diligence and skill."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### THE WORD OF WISDOM.

Viewed from a physical, moral, and intellectual standpoint, the benefits to be derived to the person practicing the Word of Wisdom are manifold. Its close observance will prove of great value in correcting many of the physical ills which distress mankind. The moral effect of its practice upon an individual, is to safeguard the soul from alluring temptations which impair pure character. The intellectual advantages secured by its observance add dignity to one's personality, and has a tendency to brighten the perceptive faculties of the mind.—GEO. W. CROCHERON.

## THE SPIRITUAL VALUE OF FRESH AIR IN MEETING HOUSES.

BY MILTON BENNION, M. A., PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY, UNIVERSITY  
OF UTAH.

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Man has three primary sources of bodily nutrition: the food he eats, the water he drinks, and the air he breathes. Civilized man generally takes some care that his food and drink shall not be filthy. But the process of breathing is so automatic and incessant that he usually pays no attention to it and its conditions, as though these had no bearing upon his health and well-being. It is now generally recognized that carelessness on the part of any community concerning the sources of its food and water supplies may cause serious illness, such as typhoid fever and other infectious diseases. Most people, however, pay but little attention to the air they breathe, and local health authorities have, so far, failed to exercise supervisory power in reference to the air supply in public buildings.

Let us review briefly the nature of the breathing process. Air is composed chiefly of nitrogen, oxygen, carbondioxide, and watery vapor. The nitrogen merely dilutes the oxygen, while the latter has to be added to the blood constantly. A flame may be extinguished immediately by throwing something over it that will shut off its supply of oxygen. The life processes are likewise dependent upon this same element, which is obtained normally through breathing. Were our oxygen supply entirely cut off, we would instinctively struggle for life. But when it becomes polluted, until it is no more fit to breathe than the water from a stagnant pool,

is fit to drink, we frequently continue to breathe it without protest.

Air that has been breathed contains an excess of carbondioxide. While this gas in itself is not directly poisonous, its presence in excess, when caused through breathing, is a fair indication of the presence also of minute particles of effete organic matter from the lungs. This, when breathed over and over again, becomes very dangerous to health, and ultimately to life itself. Air is most likely to become polluted where many people assemble in a closed room. In cold weather, the old fashioned meeting house, or school house, is a very good place for the production of bad air. Even some of our costly modern structures, while provided with domes, arches, and columns, have no trace of any provision for ventilation. They are built, it would seem, to please the eye only, which cannot see the invisible foulness of the air.

How is this evil to be overcome? If a new public building is being erected, the trouble is easily forestalled by providing for a supply of fresh air warmed by passing over coils of steam pipes, and also by providing suitable outlets for the impure air. In buildings where there is no means of bringing in warm air, as a rule, people have to choose between foul air and a cold draught. I shall not say which of the two one should choose. Colds and other sicknesses, and possibly death, on the one hand; and the poisoning of the body and the stupifying of the mind on the other, is not a pleasing alternative. This condition is also unfavorable to spiritual growth. I do not say this to frighten people away from church. The same trouble may occur in the school room, the theatre, or the ball room. The remedy lies, not in staying away from public places, but rather in providing against the evil. A thermometer, should be hung on the wall, and the temperature should be kept between 65 and 70 degrees Fahrenheit while the room is occupied. Immediately after any kind of meeting, the doors and windows should be thrown wide open for a little while to clear out all the foul air before the room is again used. If it is at noon, the room can be closed again in time to be warmed for a 2 o'clock meeting. The same plan may be followed between afternoon and evening sessions. But someone may object that this is a great

waste of heat. Yes, but from this point of view it is wasteful to throw away decayed food.

Various devices may be employed to bring in some fresh air while meetings are in session. A transom hinged at the bottom and opened slightly will admit a current of air directed towards the ceiling. This will be diffused and somewhat warmed before it reaches the congregation. Like results may be obtained by raising the lower window sash and inserting under it a three inch board turned edgewise. This will permit a current of air to pass upward between the two sashes. Care should be taken that the window shade is not so drawn as to interfere with the upward direction of the air. If all of the windows are arranged thus, the air of the room will be much improved. Where there is a great difference in temperature between the outer and inner air, there will be a rapid current through any small opening.

But no method can be regarded as ideal where the air is not warmed before it enters the room. In buildings heated with stoves, it is possible, without great expense, to run an air flue from the outer wall of the building immediately under the floor to the stove. The air can be allowed to pass upward between the stove and a metal screen. The room should then be tight at the top, and exit should be provided for impure air near the floor, by running a tube up the inner wall and through the roof. Something like an open fire place with a high chimney would serve this purpose.

A more efficient reform would be to discard the stoves and put in a modern furnace with suitable air flues for both incoming and outgoing currents. No one should think that because a room is heated with steam there is no need of reform. Such a system has the merit of furnishing steady heat, but, unless combined with a ventilating system, it is not so good as the open fire-place.

Practically, all gatherings in meetinghouses aim at spiritual, moral, and social improvement. To those who hold sacred the entire man, including the bodily life, it should be a religious duty to provide most favorable conditions for both bodily and spiritual health. The two are so interdependent that one cannot be promoted in the highest degree without attending to the other. It is true that physical evil may sometimes be a means of spiritual

development. The evil, however, that we bring upon ourselves through neglect is the natural accompaniment of spiritual stupidity.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

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### A DREAM.

(*For the Improvement Era.*)

“The Night has a thousand Eyes.”—*Bourdillon.*

To dream is not to rest for aye:  
 The rest that comes to us in sleep,  
 When midnight dreams our slumbers share,  
 Is not the calm that soothes the soul  
 The frame in glad repose may lie  
 And gather strength its day to fill;  
 But “balmy sleep” unto the brain  
 The sweetest rest will ever yield.  
 I lay, and in my dream I saw  
 A bird, with plumage white as snow;  
 It soared, but I beheld a chain  
 That held it very near the earth:  
 The bond I loosed; away it flew;  
 Above the housetops, on it passed,  
 On by the river’s side; its course  
 To me appeared erratic, but  
 As if it changed its will,—like boys  
 That stray from home and sudden turn,  
 And then would hide within the home  
 Whose comfort and whose love they fain  
 Once more would long to share, and dwell  
 Secure from all the world’s dark frowns,—  
 So turned my dove: e’en now I seem  
 To see the speed with which it flew  
 Back to the home so lately left;  
 And with an air of triumph passed  
 Unled into its quiet cot.

\* \* \*

A lesson from my dream appears—  
 Though one by me most fully known—  
 That in the home, not in the world,  
 The truest happiness is found.

CHARLES CLIFT

Lisbon, Portugal.

## ON THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

NOTES CONTRIBUTED FOR THE "IMPROVEMENT ERA" BY THE  
FACULTY OF SCIENCE, BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY,  
AND EDITED BY DR. JOHN A. WIDTSOE.

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### *The Underground Supply of Water.*

In the arid west, it is hoped much good will result from the development of underground waters. Artesian wells and pumping plants have, in fact, already done much towards reclaiming large areas of desert land. The miner, also, has an interest in the amount of subterranean water, for frequently, as a mine is opened, great difficulty is encountered and large expense occasioned by the occurrence of underground bodies of water.

It is commonly believed that water may be found anywhere beneath the earth's surface, providing the well is deep enough. This belief is not wholly unjustifiable, for men of science, at one time, estimated the water in the earth's crust to be sufficient to form a sheet surrounding the earth, 7,500 feet in thickness. This is an enormous volume of water, equivalent to one-half the volume of the ocean.

Recent researches have modified the absurdly large estimates formerly made. The most recent word on the subject is uttered by Prof. Myron L. Fuller, of the U. S. Geological Survey. He declares that rocks do not hold any very large quantities of water. Sandstones contain on an average six per cent of water; shales, 1.5 per cent; limestones, about two per cent; and crystalline rocks, such as granite, only one-tenth of one per cent. The total amount of water found in the crust of the earth, if spread over the earth's surface, would form a sheet about ninety-six feet in thickness. In other words, the total volume of the subterranean



waters of the earth is about one-hundredth of the volume of the water of the ocean. Furthermore, Prof. Fuller insists that this estimate is not too low. Nearly all of this water is found within a thousand feet of the surface.

It seems, then, that we must readjust our ideas of the amount of water held in the rocks beneath our feet. Still, a sheet of water one hundred feet thick, represents a tolerably large volume of water. If modern investigation shall show the practicability of bringing annually one foot of this water to the surface, every acre of tillable desert soil on earth may be made to yield profitable crops.—*J. A. Widtsoe, Ph.D.*

#### *Shading of Growing Crops.*

Shade, as a factor in plant growth, is receiving considerable attention at present, both among practical gardeners and those who are engaged in scientific horticultural investigations. Large areas in the Connecticut River Valley are devoted to the culture of tobacco grown in the shade of a cheese cloth covering. Only such varieties as are desirable for cigar wrappers are grown under such conditions, and the fiber of the leaf is such that the product is said to equal that grown in the tropics.

It is well known the quality of salad crops is materially improved by shading. In pine-apple and coffee culture, shading is now extensively practiced. An eminent botanist has recently made the following statement:

“It is believed that the matter of shading is of greater horticultural importance in arid regions than the old question of plant nutrition or fertilization is in the east.”

Shading reduces transpiration, conserves the soil moisture, and where the cheese cloth covering is used, a slight increase in the temperature of the soil and atmosphere is noticeable. The covering also serves as a protection against frost, drought, damage by wind, hail and insects.—*W. H. Homer, Jr., M. S.*

#### *Growing Plants Under Colored Glass.*

During recent years, many interesting experiments have been carried on, especially in France, the object of which has been to test the effect of the different colored rays of the solar spectrum

upon plant growth. For this purpose hot houses were constructed of blue, green, red, and ordinary or white glass.

The colorless glass allows the heat rays to pass through unobstructed, while the colored glass arrests and absorbs much of the heat. For this reason, on sunny days the temperature of the atmosphere, in the house of ordinary glass, ranges about 5 degrees centigrade above that in the blue, 4 degrees centigrade above the green, and 2 degrees centigrade higher than the red.

Plants grow tallest in the red light, and least in the blue. In the white light the plants are stocky and heaviest. Seeds also develop best in the ordinary sun light, but the blue light favors the development of more perfect flowers when the plants are placed in it just prior to blooming. Perfume is more abundant in flowers grown in red light.—*W. H. Homer, Jr., M. S.*

#### *Weighing the Earth.*

In the last issue of the ERA mention was made of the strenuous efforts made by several great physicists to measure accurately in the laboratory the force of attraction between two masses of ordinary magnitude. It has been found that two small spherical masses of one gram each with their centers one centimeter apart attract each other with a force equal to one fifteen-millionth of a dyne.\*

The importance of this knowledge, which may at first seem insignificant, can hardly be overestimated. It enables us to calculate the attraction, in known units of force, due to a great variety of other distributions of attracting matter. Since we know the force between two unit masses one centimeter apart, and since we know the law by which this force varies with the distance, we have at once a means of calculating the attracting force between any two spherical masses at any distance apart. Moreover, if we know the magnitude of one mass and measure the force of attraction between the two, we can calculate the magnitude of the other mass.

This immediately suggests a universal method of measuring

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\* A dyne is defined as that force which, acting for one second on a mass of one gram originally at rest, will give it a velocity of one centimeter per second.

masses. We might keep always on hand a given mass and measure successively the attraction between it and unknown masses, and thus we would be able to compare with each other the unknown masses. If one of these unknown masses, or the mass with which they are compared, is taken as a standard, we have a system of mass measurement no more arbitrary than those in common use.

As a matter of fact, this is exactly what is done by everyone. In other words, we weigh bodies. In this case the mass we have always on hand is the earth. The unknown masses whose attraction for the earth is measured are compared with the mass of a cubic centimeter of water, or with some other arbitrary standard, as the pound or the ton.

But we can do more than this, since the recent researches in physics referred to above. We can take a standard mass such as a cubic centimeter of water, measure its attraction for the earth in dynes, and hence can calculate the total mass of the earth. For this last calculation it is necessary to remember (what can be proved mathematically) that in the case of an attracting sphere the attraction due to it is the same as if the mass of the sphere were concentrated at its center. Considering the earth a sphere of four thousand miles radius, we merely have to calculate the total mass of the earth on the assumption that it is all concentrated at a point four thousand miles from our cubic centimeter of water or standard gram. This calculation shows that the earth is composed of matter which on the average is about five and a half times as dense as water.—*Chester Snow, A. B.*

#### *Lowest Temperature Produced.*

The lowest temperature yet recorded is that reached recently by K. Olszewski in an attempt to liquefy helium. By the aid of solid hydrogen he cooled the gas to 259 degrees below freezing point under 180 atmospheres of pressure. Then he suddenly released the pressure to that of the atmosphere. The expansion of the gas absorbed heat, and cooled itself to a degree estimated to be 271 degrees below zero. Yet the helium was not liquefied, and there appears to be little prospect of reducing it to a liquid.

We naturally ask the question, how can such a low tempera-

ture be measured? All ordinary thermometers are useless, long before such temperatures are reached. Alcohol solidifies easily in liquid oxygen. Mercury freezes so hard in liquid air, that it may be used as a hammer to drive a nail. Liquid air boils vigorously when placed in a tea-kettle on a block of ice. If a kettle of liquid air be placed over a lighted gas burner, frost and ice collect on the bottom of the kettle because the intense cold of the liquefied air solidifies the watery vapor, and the carbon dioxide, which are the two main products of the burning gas.

The best form of thermometer for measuring such a low temperature is the platinum thermometer. It is based on the fact that the resistance to the passage of an electric current offered by a platinum wire changes with the temperature. The lower the temperature, the less the resistance which the wire offers to the current.—*Chas. E. Maw, A. B.*

#### *Coal and National Progress.*

Dr. Samuel G. Williams once said, "The industrial rank of nations may be very accurately judged from the extent to which they utilize their fuel supplies." The United States, Great Britain, and Germany, the three foremost manufacturing nations, produce over four-fifths of the mineral fuels of the world. The United States, in a quarter of a century, has moved from third place in fuel production to first place, and largely through this progress our manufacturing industries have grown by leaps and bounds, so that we now look with pride upon the great producing plants of our own country.

The geological fuels are coal, oil, gas, and peat, all of which are products of ancient organisms. The United States leads the world in the extent of her coal deposits, the aggregate area being upward of 200,000 square miles. The great coal deposits of the world had their origin in the Carboniferous period, when climatic conditions favored the greatest possible production of plant life. Some deposits of less importance are found in the older formations of the Silurian, and the Devonian; and others, especially many of the smaller deposits in the Rocky Mountain region, are of much later date, forming in the Mesozoic era.

Probably the richest and most varied coal deposit in the United

States, or in the world, is the great Appalachian coal field, embracing part of several states, and in some places, showing more than a score of coal beds one above the other, one great anthracite deposit having a thickness of upwards of 100 feet. In this immediate vicinity, iron ore is in great abundance; so that the two most important mineral products in the industrial development of our nation are side by side, making possible the great commercial enterprises.

In our own state, we are favored with immense deposits of these two important factors of civilization. The deposit of magnetic iron ore in Iron County, ranks with the great iron deposits of the world, and in the mountains to the east of this rich deposit of iron is an abundant supply of coal. Other large deposits of both coal and iron are found in various places in our state. So we feel that "The Star of civilization ever moves westward," and, within a comparatively short time, the din of industry will be greatly increased in our own vicinity.

Egypt, Greece, or Italy could easily be the center of civilization in a period when sailing vessels and camel caravans were the vanguards of human progress. With the introduction of great scientific inventions and discoveries, frail sailing vessels being replaced by the splendid steamship lines, the wooden crafts of war manned with spear men, replaced by the great steel men-of-war; with nations bound together with bands of steel for commercial traffic; and thought transferred on lightning wings, replacing the camel caravan, it is impossible for any one of the old stars of civilization to stand in the front rank.

Italy feels her utter inability to stand against any world power producing her own fuel, for practically every ton of coal used in Italy is imported. Her peat bogs are rapidly being cleared, and one of the most distressing national and financial questions confronting her is how to hold and develop her national rank with this dearth of mineral fuel.—*E. S. Hinckley, B. S.*

Provo, Utah.

## A TESTIMONY.

BY ELDER R. E. CLOWARD, OF THE SAMOAN MISSION.

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After your testimony cometh wrath and indignation upon the people; for after your testimony cometh the testimony of earthquakes that shall cause groanings in the midst of her, and men shall fall upon the ground and shall not be able to stand, —Doctrine and Covenants, sec. 88: 88, 89.

It is a common saying that history repeats itself; but whether it does or not, it is not our purpose to discuss at length at this time. But we read in the Bible that at one time the earth was inhabited by a numerous host of people, men of large stature, and as they began to multiply, "God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually." "And the Lord said, I will destroy man that I have created from off the face of the earth."

Noah, however, found favor in the sight of the Lord, and was sent to warn the world of the judgments of God that were about to come upon them. He was also commanded to build an ark for the righteous to take refuge in. For more than one hundred years did he preach and prophecy. The world scoffed and ridiculed his idea; called him foolish and fanatical, but in all, it did not stop the flood. His words were vindicated. "The waters prevailed exceedingly upon the earth," and "every living substance was destroyed which was upon the face of the ground. Only Noah and his family escaped."

On another occasion "a foolish fellow" claimed to have had an interview with angels from on high. He was told to take his wife and daughters and flee into the mountains, —that the cities were about to be destroyed. The sanctimonious bigots and "good church people, laughed him to scorn." "We have our gods and our temples, what more do we need." "Foolish that angels would visit men. Why leave this beautiful city with its grandeur and go to the

mountain just because foolish Lot claims to have had a revelation?"

However, Lot left with his wife and daughters and were the only ones who escaped the fire that destroyed the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah.

The Bible and the Book of Mormon are replete with such stories, showing that those who believed and hearkened to the voice of God and his servants escaped, while those who depended upon their own wisdom and reasoning were destroyed. But space will not permit me to mention them all. I call attention to these two because they are so significant.

Now for my story.

The Latter-day Saints are a gathering people. They want to be together; because the Lord has commanded it for one reason and for another, because their interests are mutual, and they, like all other birds of a kind, like to be together. That work is going on, here on Samoa. A nice tract of land has been purchased by the Church for the Saints to gather to, and build them homes "more perfect."

It was in the early dawn of 1905, when the first leaves were cut. The rumor went out that the "Mormons" were going to start a colony and build a town away up there in Saluapatu valley, in that thick forest. "How people did laugh, and scoff and mock." "Impossible! the natives won't go; they can't leave their Samoan customs; and, then, what about their land?"

The Saints in Saleaula were among the first called to leave their old homes and build them new ones. They doubted. Some snickered and sneered and refused to go; others said, "wait." Time after time did the elders make special visits to them, and used all their influence and power to get them to go, but no. We will stay here. We have our lands and our nice little church, we can worship the Lord as well here as there.

At the April conference, 1905, a general call was made to all the Saints on Upolu and Savaii to come to the new gathering place which was given the name of Sauniatu, which means, prepare to go forth. The Saleaula Saints were mentioned in particular, but still they doubted.

On the 8th of August, the whole island of Savaii was shaken by a tremendous earthquake. The dogs howled, roosters crowed,

horses whinnied, and people screamed with fright. It seemed that the whole island was being lifted up by some giant. The clouds gathered low, the thunder roared, and the rain fell in torrents. Fortunate that there are no brick and very few rock houses on Samoa, or the death list would have been great.

A volcano had broken out only a short way from Saleaula. The people were in consternation. Day after day did he belch forth his streams of fire, and send his deadly sulphurous breath into the air. Wise men came from the various islands, and also from Australia, to look at it.

A Protestant missionary predicted that when the lava reached a certain place it would stop. Comforting speeches were made, and words of consolation were sent out over the island, "not to worry, it would soon quit." The people were consoled. Flattery suited them; the truth hurt.

Elder George A. Lewis and Talagoa were driven from village to village in the Alatele, and were at last told to leave the district—that a council had been held, and another "Mormon" meeting should never again be held there, until time ends.

The volcano is still burning; a river of fire is pouring from its mouth. Saleaula is burned and buried, and where the Alatele was—the Eden of Savaii—there is now a vast sheet of smoking lava more than twenty feet thick. The people fled from Saleaula for their lives—their all is destroyed. Scattered from place to place over the islands, they are now living on the charity of others.

The Alatele—what a change! One short year ago nature smiled in all its beauty. Where fruits and nuts and flowers grew in profusion, where the crickets hummed their sweetest melodies, and the birds sang their sweetest lays, where the lazy natives sat under the beautiful palms and sang their songs of love and war, it is now desolate. Thousands of acres of the most beautiful land in the South Seas are destroyed, burned and buried. Surely another meeting will never be held there.

The gathering is still going on. One by one they are coming. The forest is gradually turning into a fruitful plantation. The thoughtful are becoming more serious; the scoffers are looking on in wonder. How useful is foreknowledge to those who believe!

Tuasivi, Savaii, Samoa, September 25, 1906.



## A NEW IMPERIALISM.

BY DR. J. M. TANNER.

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In recent years the United States has come into possession of foreign territories whose administration is making a great change in our relationship with foreign countries. This territorial expansion has been styled "Imperialism," as though it might give rise to an empire. To it there has risen the objection that this territorial aggrandizement means the enlargement of the powers of our Executive Department. It is feared by some that the continuation of such a policy will, in the near future, put in the hands of the president of the United States, a power in excess of that wielded by any monarch in Europe. Every thoughtful reader must have observed that along with the increase of territorial expansion there has come a corresponding increase of power to the chief executive of our nation; his power has grown apace with our policy of expansion; but along with this imperialism, so called, there is another imperialism, another power to be exercised by the American nation, that will be more potential even than the increased power of its great executive. It is commercial imperialism.

Until about ten years ago, we were a debtor nation. There was a constant flow of gold from the United States to London to meet there our annual payments of interest. We needed more money than we had to develop the manufacturing industries of the East, and the possibilities of a great empire in the West. Our increase in wealth has in recent years changed us from a debtor to a creditor nation. We are not sending interest abroad as we did. We have what money we need at home, and more than that, we have plenty to spare, and so we can lend money to the Japanese and English. This is the reason why we have not in the last

few years felt money stringencies as we felt them before. Men will not be content to lock up their money in the vaults.

What is true of the East with respect to Europe, is true in the West with respect to the East. The West now has money of its own. Products of its farms and mines have been so great that its large indebtedness has been almost liquidated. Financial troubles will not come to us in the future as they have come to us in the past; they will come dressed in new garbs, in unexpected ways.

Financiers of the United States now mean to conquer resources of the world just as they have conquered resources of the West. Commercial expansion is the watchword of the hour. We have our hold upon South America, upon Asia, and upon Africa. We shall become a world power more by the enlargement of our foreign commercial interests than by our political control. As an illustration of what is taking place, recent announcements that certain great financiers of the United States had bought enormous concessions from the king and Parliament of Belgium, is a good example. King Leopold and his associates have amassed enormous fortunes from the rubber trade of the Congo Free State. Leopold is perhaps one of the richest men, if not the richest man, in Europe. His wealth is computed at something like \$100,000,000.

The increase in the demand for rubber has been rapid in recent years. In 1869, five years after the Congo Free State was turned over to Belgium, the output of rubber in that part of Africa was forty-seven tons. In 1905, the annual output was increased to four thousand, eight hundred and sixty tons, valued at over \$8,000,000, which, however, is only nine and a half per cent of the world's product. It is estimated that the present year's world product of crude rubber will reach \$90,000,000. The rubber industry has thus become one of the world's great resources for wealth. Five years ago, crude rubber sold at 87½ cents a pound; it is now quoted at \$1.22½ a pound. The demand for it is so great, that it sells in the market as readily as gold or silver bullion.

American companies are organized for the production of rubber from the Guayuli plant which grows in Mexico. In Africa it grows in a vine. At the proper season of the year, the vine is cut

the rubber accumulates in a ball, and is easily removed. This gives the literal meaning to the expression "picking money from vines." The rubber industry of Central Africa is doubtless in its infancy. Now that it is to be developed by American financiers, Africa will have a new meaning to the United States. We have no political interests there; but our commercial interests will make Africa a bone of contention in the United States, just as it is in Europe. The Guggenheims are to begin operations. These copper kings of the West have secured great copper-mining concessions. All this means new railroads, new steam boats, along the Congo.

Central Africa abounds in forests of hard wood whose importations to this country are already beginning. The great tablelands of the Dark Continent are rich in coal and iron products, more valuable than gold and silver. It is said by those acquainted with the soil and climate of the country that the tablelands of Central Africa are as desirable as the rich valleys of the Mississippi.

The present turn in the affairs of the Congo Free State has doubtless been brought about by the criticism which has been going on in England, in recent years, against the treatment which the natives have received from the administration of the Belgians. The Belgians have been strong in their denial of the accusations made by the English. They accuse the English of having itching fingers, and of having a desire to wrest from the Belgians the enormous resources of wealth which recent years have revealed in the Congo Free State. England, of late, has been pressing the question, and it looks as though there might be some action taken with a view of replacing the Belgian government in the heart of Africa by some other government. It may be that the Belgians, feeling resentful towards the English, and being determined that the English should not benefit by Belgian losses, in the event that the powers should take the Congo Free State away from the Belgians, concluded to divest themselves of their valuable possessions by turning them over in concessions granted to financiers of the United States.

It will be remembered that the United States did not take part in the Berlin Conference of 1884, by which the powers disposed of the Congo by turning it over to Belgium. We are now

in South Africa, not politically, but commercially, and our government will feel bound to protect the commercial interests of its great financiers. Hereafter we must be heard in all matters relating to the government of Central Africa. This is commercial imperialism which promises to mix us more completely with the nations of the world than our political imperialism.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

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### A NEW YEAR'S PRAYER.

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Before me lies a clean, white page;  
Just o'er the leaf, one marred by error and by many a tear.  
O Father, help me in the present year,  
To be more brave, more strong, more kind to all, both strange and dear.  
I do not ask that I be free from care;  
For I would feel its touch, that I may share  
The woe of those less fortunate here.  
I do not ask for worldly power, or an excess of gold,  
Lest in a prosperous hour a blight fall on my heart,  
And it toward thee grow cold.  
But this I ask—that I may ever grasp the jewels at my feet,  
And not be ever striving for those things  
Which lie so far beyond my reach.  
Help me to prize the small things grandly done,  
And thus prepare for greater things to come.  
Help me to think not of what might have been, and what I might have done;  
But think of what I yet may be,  
And of the victories there may yet be won.  
Help me to know the true from false, that in temptation's hour,  
I may cleave unto the gold and spurn the dross.  
Help me to build my house, not on the sand,  
But on a sure foundation;  
That when the floods shall come and winds shall blow,  
It still may stand, invincible and grand.  
These are the blessings that I crave from thee;  
Not only for this year, but those to come,  
I ask them in his name, who died for all humanity—  
Thy Son. Amen.

GRACE INGLES FROST.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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### THE FIRST PRESIDENCY'S CHRISTMAS GREETING.

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Greeting to the Latter-day Saints: The happy Christmas-tide is again at our doors. Another year has gone since we sent you our last Christmas greeting. How many events have occurred during this time for the weal or woe of mankind! Only a few of these happenings will ever be known to other than those immediately concerned. Events of national importance become known almost universally the same day they take place, through the marvelous means of communication of the twentieth century.

The passing year has been pregnant with terrestrial convulsions, and nineteen six bids fair to be long remembered for its volcanic eruptions, earthquakes, tidal waves, and numerous other alarming phenomena which impress upon men's minds the instability of all earthly things, even of the very earth itself; and human governments and society seem to partake of the disquietude and unrest. Thrones are tottering and men's hearts are failing them for fear. The bitter struggle between the Reactionary party and Liberals in Russia presents a spectacle that enlists our sympathy for the down-trodden masses of that vast empire.

The Jews have suffered persecution in its most dreadful form in many of the Russian provinces. Without any given cause great numbers have been massacred by their neighbors under the influence of religious hatred and bigotry. The Polish people feel as keenly today the loss of their independence, as they did when the infamous division was made of their land by their greedy neighbors.

The Poles were deeply wronged, they love liberty and independence, and to obtain it they often plunge into an unequal struggle that only fastens the yoke still firmer upon their necks.

The dissolution of the union between Sweden and Norway without bloodshed is a unique event in history. Much credit is due to the wise king of Sweden for the happy solution of this knotty question. The Norwegians are to be commended for the sensible choice they made in choosing King Haakon the VII. Being the son of the Danish king, a grandson of King Charles XV of Sweden, a relative of the present king, and a son-in-law of King Edward of England, he is closely connected with the neighboring dynasties. If relationship counts in politics, he sits securely on the throne of the rock-ribbed land of the sturdy descendants of the Vikings. The Danish nation is industriously developing its agricultural resources, and forcing itself to the front in dairying, poultry-raising and other branches of mixed farming. The emperor of Germany has but one aim, that of making his beloved country great, both on the sea and on the land. To create a navy and maintain his superb army makes the burden of his subjects almost unbearable. The undaunted Hollanders continue their fight against the devouring waves of the North Sea. To keep up and strengthen the dykes requires much thought and enormous sums of money. If the dykes were neglected, much of that thrifty kingdom would become an enlarged Zuyder Zee. Densely populated Belgium keeps her looms and factories busy. Austria—an empire of several nations and races, speaking different languages—has a difficult problem to solve, that of bringing a mass of incongruous elements into a state of homogeneity. Many of the sons of Italy cross the ocean to seek work in our land, but they never forget their sunny homes in their own beautiful fatherland. Spain is recovering from her terrible defeat in the war with the United States. Contrary to the expectations of statesmen, France is building the republic on a solid basis. The government has ventured to separate church and state, making the clergy look to their parishioners for support instead of the state. This will not be accomplished without a hard struggle. England is still the proud mistress of the sea. Canada is rapidly settling up her immense domain, thereby extending the area of food-producing land on the

globe. Our own country stands in the foremost ranks of nations. The Executive of the nation has written his name to remain on the pages of history for fearlessness, honesty of purpose and wise statesmanship. General prosperity reigns in the land. Great enterprises have been undertaken. The Panama canal will be the most stupendous of useful works commenced by man. None of the "seven wonders of the world" compare with it. It may take years to accomplish it, but American enterprise is behind it and will make it a success.

The Latter-day Saints have much to be thankful for in contemplating the past year. Abundant crops reward the labors of the husbandman. While in some parts the unusual amount of moisture destroyed the wheat by rust and caused great loss, yet other cereals were grown successfully. Never before in the history of beet raising have such crops been produced. This industry has brought large sums of money into the hands of the farmers, which would not have been realized in the cultivation of other crops. The sheep industry also has been very profitable, wool having demanded a high price, as also has the mutton. We regret that no more has been done in the line of manufactures. Home industries should be encouraged. We approve of the aims of the Deseret Agricultural and Manufacturing society, and the Merchants' and Manufacturers' association. Much can be done in that line that would help to give the unemployed work and keep our young people at home.

While we are thankful for the general prosperity our people are enjoying in temporalities, we rejoice still more in the spiritual progress that is manifest among the Saints, and this in spite of the bitter and unrelenting opposition which they have met both at home and abroad. Some of those who are weak in the faith may have been affected somewhat by the scurrilous attacks made upon the leaders of the Church, but the majority of the Saints have thereby been more closely knitted together, and have become more determined to honor the covenants they have made with the Lord. They see in the persecution they meet an illustration of the words of the Savior: "If ye were of the world, the world would love its own." They feel a comfort in knowing that in that sense they are not of the world, and they are willing to bear the indignities

heaped upon them, knowing that He whom they serve will preserve them and overrule for good what their enemies devise for their overthrow.

The love of the Saints for their religion is shown by their great activity in building houses of worship. The settling of this country has been done under many difficulties. The people were poor and had to produce their all from the soil. They could not build elaborate edifices, hence the log schoolhouse was the first public building in the new settlement, and this had to serve many purposes. Besides being a temple of learning, it was used on the Sunday for public worship, and during the week for amusements, etc. As the people grew in wealth they changed the small log house for the elegant and commodious school buildings that we now see dotting our state. We are proud of what the people have done in that direction, and we doubt whether another state can be found where the same number of people have done as much for the education of their children without state help or endowment as has Utah. The meetinghouses were not forgotten, and in nearly every town and hamlet are found substantial houses of worship. During the past year many church edifices have been finished and a number are now under construction, of which some are very costly. This activity has not been confined to Zion alone, but in the missions abroad, the elders and the Saints have felt the need of having houses of worship belonging to the Church. In Tahiti our people have just dedicated a fine building for meetings, and also a commodious house for the headquarters of that mission. In Aalborg, Denmark, a suitable meetinghouse will shortly be finished. The headquarters for the European mission will soon be located in an excellent building facing Edge Lane Park, Liverpool. A feature of building meetinghouses abroad should not be forgotten, namely, the fact that our elders, in connection with their missionary labors, have been willing to take hold of the trowel, the saw and the paint brush. This has endeared them to the Saints and gained them the respect of outsiders who were acquainted with the fact that they were doing this work without compensation and at the same time meeting their own expenses. The buildings in Tahiti were constructed entirely by our missionaries, and are considered among the best in Papeete. The American consul



expressed the wish to have them build a new consulate. One of the elders drew the plans for such a building which were accepted by the government.

During the past year the efficiency of our Church schools has been greatly increased, and the Church has made much larger appropriations towards this end than at any time since the Church school system was established. The aim of these schools is to give our young people a thorough knowledge of the principles of the gospel and implant in their hearts a love for truth, virtue and righteousness, and in addition to this to give a thorough high school course in all of them, and in some few of the schools a college course, preparing our young people to take higher studies at our State University or the universities abroad, if the students desire to qualify themselves in some of the professions. We think that many who go east to study might receive instruction as good, if not better, in our home institutions of learning. We feel much gratified with the good work done in our Church schools and the patronage given them.

Our missionaries have labored zealously for the spread of the truth. The presidents of the different missions are watching over the work of the elders and directing their labors in a systematic way that no place shall be left unvisited, but that all people may have an opportunity of hearing the glorious principles of salvation. The elders are untiring in their endeavors to fill their callings to the acceptance of their Heavenly Father. The results of their labors have been very encouraging, and a great number of baptisms is reported. The number of tracts and books distributed exceeds that of any previous year. An edition of the Book of Mormon in Turkish has been published, and is being distributed among the Sultan's subjects. A translation of the book of Mormon into Japanese is nearing its completion. Periodicals are being published in several of the missions, and are having a large circulation. Some of the missions desire to have a mission paper printed, to take the place of the tracts, and as this would be published regularly, it would keep before the people new issues arising and the experiences of the elders, as well as explaining the doctrines of the Church. We think such a plan feasible, and that it will be productive of much good.

We feel to commend the Saints for the pronounced union and fidelity manifested by them during the past year. The increase in tithing shows an expanding love for the gospel. The great numbers flocking to the temples bear testimony to the growing faith of the members of the Church in the revealed principles of truth.

The many eruptions, earthquakes and tidal waves which have occurred during the past year are signs which the Savior declared should foreshadow his second coming, although he said his advent should be as a thief in the night, still he gave certain signs which would indicate as surely his coming as the budding trees the coming of summer. The wise and prudent will heed the warning and prepare themselves that they be not taken unawares. Not the least of the signs of the times is this, that the gospel is being preached unto the poor, as a witness unto all nations.

In relation to internal affairs in the various stakes, a healthy, progressive spirit has been manifested in almost every part of Zion. A number of new wards and branches have been organized during the year, among which we may mention the Twenty-fourth ward of the Salt Lake Stake; Turner ward, Bannock Stake; Murray Second ward, Granite Stake; Lost River ward, Idaho; a branch at Tombstone, Arizona, and the division of Smithfield, Cache Stake into two wards.

During the year a number of prominent brethren and sisters have left us to join the great majority on the other side. Amongst them may be mentioned Elder M. W. Merrill, of the Council of the Apostles, President Jesse N. Smith, of the Snowflake Stake, Joseph Morrel of Cache, Charles O. Card, of Alberta, and Counselor Samuel Francis, of the Morgan Stake. As well known pioneers, we may speak of Elders Robert Gardner, of Pine Valley, William Farrer, of Provo, and Moses T. Farnsworth, of the Manti Temple; also Joseph G. Fones and Ebenezer Beesley, pioneer musicians, and Homer Duncan, one of the oldest members of the Church. Amongst our sisters who have passed away, are Mary H. Snow, widow of President Lorenzo Snow; Sarah D. Woodruff, widow of President Woodruff, and Hannah M. L. Smith, the widow of President George A. Smith; and Sister Emily H. Woodmansee, the poetess, and many others worthy of mention, omitted for lack of space.

In conclusion, we sincerely pray that the coming year may be a prosperous one, and that the Latter-day Saints may be abundantly blessed both temporally and spiritually, and that in their prosperity they will ever remember the beneficent Giver of all they receive.

We wish our people a joyful Christmas and a happy New Year.

Your brethren in the gospel of Christ,

JOSEPH F. SMITH,

ANTHON H. LUND,

JOHN R. WINDER.

THE DESERET NEWS.

### A PROPHECY FULFILLED.

PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH, EDITOR OF IMPROVEMENT ERA:—I was never more pleased with a number of the ERA than with the November issue. It seems more interesting than ever to me. If the balance of the volume should prove a failure, I have in this single number the full returns for my money for the year's subscription.

Reading one article led my mind back fifty-one years. It was "Prophecy and its Fulfilment." Now I want to tell something that had almost gone from my mind. In the year 1855, Nephi City and her citizens saw the hardest times in their history. Grasshoppers by the mile! In the northeast corner of their fort—which was twelve feet high, and from wall to north ditch was about four rods wide—from east wall west for twenty rods the hoppers piled themselves in, making one great mass for twenty rods almost to the top of the wall.

Many of the people felt downcast, they saw no show for a harvest and cogitations ran high and fast. On the Sabbath day, we were all in meeting, and all needed encouragement but who was there to give it? The year 1854 produced a light harvest, scarcely a family had a bushel of wheat more than would last them until harvest again. Our crops were now mowed down. The scrub oaks were stripped of their leaves, all vegetation was gone. Who was

there that had the courage to say, "There is a silvery lining behind this dark cloud?"

At length an aged veteran of Nauvoo arose and commenced to talk. He was bald and bowed with age, no one thought then he could possibly live very long. He stood with his face to the south, his right hand to the west. He commenced to exhort the people to have faith in God, who delivered Israel of old; spoke of the quails that came at the right time, of the cruse of oil, also of the raven feeding Elijah, and then began to prophesy. He said that God would provide, and that none would die of starvation. He said, "In the name of Israel's God, I shall live to see these valleys populated from north to south. I shall live to see the greatest prosperity spread on all the face of the land. Yes; I shall live to see a railroad run north and south from one end of this valley to the other," throwing his right hand in line with his declaration; then, turning his face to the west, he said, "Yes; I shall live to see another railroad run east and west, up and down this street, through into Sanpete." I must confess that your humble servant became skeptical when the railroad was named. I immediately sized up the ox teams crossing the plains, twenty-five cents per pound for freight, and I said to myself, "Brother Heywood, like Brother Heber C. Kimball admitted he sometimes did, you have this time over-shot the mark, for at longest, you can't expect to hold out twenty years more, and how could such a prophecy be fulfilled? I did not doubt that some of us might live that long, but that railroad in his life was a little too much for me.

Now, I think I can bring a dozen witnesses who heard that prophecy. I am ready to prove by thousands that he lived to see the fulfilment, and I believe that he is still living in Panguitch, this state. Joseph L. Heywood was the man. He was president of the Juab county ward at the time.

SAMUEL L. ADAMS.

St. George, Utah.

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#### MESSAGES FROM THE MISSIONS.

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Secretary Willard R. Smith, of the Christiania conference, Norway, over which Elder Soren Rasmussen presides, writes November 17: "We have in this conference 27 missionaries laboring in ten different branches."

Elder J. P. L. Breinholt, whose home is in Ephraim, and who returned from his mission on December 6, says that the gospel is making constant progress in Northern Denmark especially in Aalborg and Hjørring. The new Latter-day Saints meeting house in Aalborg is progressing nicely, and it is expected will be finished in the spring at a cost of about \$8,000.

We learn from *Nordstjarnan*, of November 15, that during October, 1906, in the five conferences of Sweden there were 10,924 strangers' houses visited, and 1,578 gospel conversations held, with 268 meetings, and six baptisms. The following brethren were conference presidents: August Carlson, at Stockholm; Geo. C. Smith, at Goteborg; A. O. Ingelstrom, at Skone; Gustaf A. Hoglund, at Sundsvall; and Carl P. Anderson, at Norrköping.

From *Skandinaviens Stjerne* of November 15, we learn that the following brethren preside in the six conferences of the Scandinavian mission, the first three being in Denmark, and the latter three in Norway: J. P. L. Breinholt, Aalborg; Jos. L. Peterson, Aarhus; Niels L. Lund, Copenhagen, Adolph M. Nielson, Bergen; Soren Rasmussen, Christiania; and Matthias J. Benson, Trondhjem. During October 22,581 strangers' homes were visited, by the 61 missionaries in Denmark and the 70 missionaries in Norway; 472 meetings were held; 21 baptisms were performed, and eight children blessed.

Elder Jos. A. Fife, president of the Leeds conference, Bradford, England, writes under date of November 13: "The manuals are very useful to us. This is the first time that the manuals have been introduced, and the people are very interested in the Book of Mormon study. We have organized a class of the Lesser Priesthood among the local brethren in Bradford branch, and have taken up the Book of Mormon manual study, and are meeting with success. We feel encouraged in our labors in this part of the world."

Elder Leslie M. Coombs of Ozumba, Dist. of Chalco, Mexico, writes under date of November 13, 1906: "In the little Indian town of Tecalco, on the third of November, was witnessed the baptism of eight new members of the Church, Elders Rowley and Whetton officiating. We held meeting in the morning with some of the Saints and non-members, explaining the first principles of the gospel to them. The next day (Sunday) we confirmed those who had been baptized the day before, after which we had testimony-bearing; many natives bore their testimonies to the truth of the gospel. The cause of truth is being spread among the Lamanites, and many are having the opportunity of learning the gospel."

Elder Le Roy G. Pickering writes from Brussels, Belgium, November 21: "The ERA is the best young man's magazine that I have as yet read. It is of great assistance to us elders, and we look forward to its reception with joy. Just a line about how we are progressing in Belgium. We are nine elders working in five branches of the Liege, or Belgium, conference, and a more united number were never found. Our meetings are well attended by both Saints and friends, especially the latter. Like all missionaries, we have our trials, but the Lord is greatly blessing us in our labors. The reported arrest of President Smith caused quite a

stir for a few days, several articles being published about him and us missionaries which resulted in great good. We are working unceasingly for the advancement of the gospel, and await the results. We have baptized about eighteen this year and have many sincere and earnest investigators."

Elder Thomas F. Kirkham, of Zurckau, Germany, writes: "The pages of the ERA are always filled with inspiring and uplifting thoughts from some of the good men in our Church. I find a great deal of most valuable reading matter in the ERA, which absolutely cannot be found in any other magazine. It is the best paper in our Church, and should be in the home of every Latter-day Saint, especially where it can be read by the young. I truly enjoy reading it, and am thankful to you for sending it. Referring to the number in which President Seymour B. Young advises the brethren to get vaccinated before leaving home, I consider that good advice; and in addition, I would advise that each missionary be careful to get a certificate of vaccination from the physicians. We have no Saints here, but a number of good friends who are nearing the water's edge of baptism. We have been greatly blessed here in our labors, and a great many people are earnestly investigating the gospel. The work is going onward and upward and we are ever hoping for the best. I wish the ERA every possible success."

Elder Earl Whitely, writing from Kansas City, Mo., October 30, says: "President James G. Duffin, with Apostle Hyrum M. Smith and Charles H. Hart, visited the various branches of the mission in their general conferences, and upon their return to this city a farewell was given in honor of the departing president. The mission house at 1405, Locust St., was beautifully decorated, and a suitable program of songs, speeches, and recitations was given. As a token of their love and esteem, the elders who have labored under the direction of President James G. Duffin, since he has presided in this mission, presented to him a three-quarter oak desk, a typewriter, and an office chair, the presentation being made by his successor, Elder S. O. Bennion. Brother A. J. Evans and wife, and their daughter Hazel, of Alpine Stake, Utah Co., were here, visiting their son, William E. Evans and wife. On their return home, they were accompanied by Sister Ada Evans, who was released from her labors as recording secretary of the mission. Sister Evans has performed her labors faithfully."

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### \* THE GOSPEL OF WEALTH.

Andrew Carnegie is writing in the *North American Review* under this head. He says: "We are yet as a nation in the heyday of youth. In time we shall tone down and live simpler lives and create different standards. Wealth will be dethroned as higher tastes prevail, its pursuit become less absorbing and less esteemed, and, above all, the mere man of wealth himself will come to realize that in the estimation of those of wisest judgment he has no place with the educated, professional man. He occupies a distinctly lower plane intellectually, and in the coming day Brain is to stand above Dollars, Conduct above both."

## NOTES.

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The man who wants to find fault needn't, as a rule, climb over his own fence.

"The best way to bear your own sorrows is to take up some one else's sorrows!"

It is with narrow-souled people as it is with narrow-necked bottles—the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring it out.

Look on the bright side of all things. Believe that the best offering that you can make God is to enjoy to the full what he sends of good, and bear what he allows of evil, like a child who believes in all his father's dealings with it, whether he understands them or not.

The only responsibility that a man can not evade in this life is the one he thinks of least—his personal influence. Man's conscious influence, when he is on dress parade, when he is posing to impress those around him—is woefully small. But his unconscious influence, the silent, subtle radiation of his personality, the effect of his words and acts, the trifles he never considers—is tremendous. Every moment of his life he is changing to a degree the life of the whole world. Every man has an atmosphere which is affecting every other. So silent and unconsciously is this influence working that man may forget that it exists.

Two shipwrights, one day, busy in the yard, came across a piece of timber with a flaw in it. A worm had begun to eat into it, and one of the men said, "Don't use it; it is not sound." "Oh, yes," replied the other, "that does not matter." And so the piece was duly placed in position on the ship's side. Years after, the ship struck on a small reef of rock, and soon sprang a leak. Despite every effort the craft became a wreck. Upon an examination it was found that the faulty piece not rejected long ago, was the cause of the rot spreading to other parts of the vessel. How like the little flaw in character that causes the wreck of life!—*Ram's Horn*.

During her travels through Persia, Mrs. Phoebe Hearst visited an English mission. After inspecting the building, she came to the contribution box. Here were stationed two typical English missionary officers. Mrs. Hearst turned to them and said: "Gentlemen, what do you teach the heathen here?"

One of the officers stiffened up and said with great dignity: "Madame, we teach them the fear of God."

Mrs. Hearst commenced to put gold piece after gold piece into the contribution box, until the officials' eyes fairly bulged. Then she turned to them again, saying quietly, "Now, gentlemen, please teach them the love of God."—*Woman's Home Companion*.

## IN LIGHTER MOOD.

"Ah understan' dat Deacon Jones has bin charged wid chicken-stealin'—an' he wuz a pillah ob de chu'ch, wuzn't he?"

"No; he wuzn't a pillah; he turned out to be what dey call de nave."—*Judge*.

A Brooklyn public school teacher says that she once required a pupil to compose a sentence with the word "dogma" as the subject. The pupil, a lad of ten, after some deliberation, submitted his effort. It read as follows: "The dog-ma has five pups."

"My wife sent two dollars in answer of an advertisement of a sure method of getting rid of superfluous fat."

"And did she get the information she wanted?"

"Sure; she got a reply telling her to sell it to the soap man."—*Mystic, Conn., Times*.

A country newspaper man who is very fond of honey visited a neighboring city recently, and at one of the hotels he was served with some delicious honey. He enjoyed it so much that he told his wife all about it when he returned home.

On his next trip to the city she accompanied him. They visited the same hotel, and when the noon meal was being served he said to his wife that he hoped they had some more of that honey. It did not appear, however, and the newspaper man, therefore, beckoned to a waiter and said: "Say, Sambo, where is my honey?" He was almost paralyzed when that worthy grinned and replied: "She doan work here no more, boss. She done got a job at the silk mill."

The wife received a handsome new dress before they returned home, after making a solemn promise not to tell the story.—*Lippincott's*.

At a dinner-party in Washington the new Chinese ambassador discoursed on American fashions satirically.

"Now, in China," he said, "our fashions never change. I wear the same sort of hat, the same sort of coat, the same sort of shoes, that a man in my position wore a thousand years ago. And it is the same with the Chinese women. Their fashions also have not changed in I know not how many dynasties. Long ago, in China, we found the costumes that seemed to us the most graceful and the most comfortable, and we cling to those costumes. We love them.

"But you—here in America—how often is it—every week, every fortnight?—that you change your fashions? Only the other day I met on the street an American naval officer of whom I am fond. He had a parcel under his arm. I stopped my carriage.

"Come," I said, 'let us have a little chat—a comfortable little chat.'

"But the naval officer shook his head. He said, hurriedly, 'No, I cannot. In this parcel there is a bonnet for my wife. Were I to stop and talk, the fashion in bonnets might change before I reached home.'



## EVENTS AND COMMENTS.

BY EDWARD H. ANDERSON.

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**- Making Norway Neutral.**—In 1855, Great Britain and France guaranteed the neutralization and integrity of the Scandinavian peninsula; when the recent separation of Norway from Sweden took place, this guarantee lapsed. It is now announced that Norway is taking initiative steps, supported strongly by great Britain, with Germany, France and Russia, looking to the guaranteeing of the neutralization of the Kingdom of the Midnight sun.

**Senator Smoot's Case.**—On Tuesday, December 11, Senator Burrows made the opening speech in the Senate of the United States against the retention of Senator Smoot, of Utah, in the Senate. His alleged impeachment of the Utah Senator, he admitted, was not based on the charge of polygamy, but entirely on the charge of his connection with the governing body of the Church, consisting of the Presidency and the Twelve Apostles, which he not very originally referred to as the "hierarchy." In his own behalf, Senator Smoot, it is reported, will speak, and for him also, perhaps, many of the ablest lawyers of the Senate.

**Smithfield Divided.**—On Sunday, November 11, Smithfield was divided into two wards, the district north of the creek to be known as the first, and that south as the second. E. R. Miles was sustained as Bishop of the first, and Wm. L. Winn as bishop of the second ward. The former chose Samuel Nelson and George Y. Smith, as counselors; and the second, Alfred B. Chambers and Richard Roskelley. Elder Orson F. Whitney set the bishops apart, and Elder J. Golden Kimball presented thirteen names for ordinations as Seventies, eleven of whom were ordained during the meeting.

**School Election in Salt Lake City.**—The contest to keep the public schools of Salt Lake City out of politics ended on election day, Wednesday, December 5, in a complete victory for the non-partisan ticket, with majorities ranging from one hundred to six hundred, all over the city. It was a complete and deserved defeat of the so-called "American" party, which sought by well-known anti-"Mormon" prejudice, to capture the schools for low-down political purposes. The ticket elected is composed of the following leading citizens: Byron Cummings, first precinct; M: J. Cheeseman, second; Wm. J. Newman, third; James T. Hammond, fourth; H. P. Henderson, fifth.

**Buying Votes.**—It cost from two to three million dollars to pay the expenses of the Democratic, Republican and Independence League state and county committees, of New York, in the late November election. This is learned from the reports required to be filed by campaign committees which spend more

than \$200 for election expenses, under the new law in New York. There were four counties in the state where the Democrats and Republicans agreed not to buy votes. It is reported significantly that in these counties the falling off in the vote of both leading parties, as compared with the vote for governor in 1904, was materially larger than in other counties where no such agreement existed. In other words, buying votes is a common practice in New York, the party leaders know it, and do it, and should be compelled to quit it.

**War on Opium.**—The Chinese government, awake to the growing evil of the use of opium, has followed a recent edict against its use by stringent regulations for the suppression of its use in the empire. The regulations require that both the cultivation of the poppy and the use of opium shall cease within ten years. There must be no new ground broken for the cultivation of the plant, and the ground now in use for that purpose must be reduced one-tenth annually under penalty of confiscation. Those who are already addicted to the use of opium are required to get along with diminishing quantities each year, and all persons are forbidden to begin its use. It is also required that within ten years the opium trade must cease, and the importation of morphine is prohibited. There is said also to be a healthy public sentiment against the use of the drug, which finds ready expression in the public press of China.

**Canada and the Doukhobors.**—Dispatches from St. Petersburg announce the presence there of the leader of the Doukhobors in Canada. He announces that it is his mission to gather up 10,000 Russians of his faith to work under contract in the railroad construction in Canada. The Doukhobors have done well in their new Canadian homes, although some of their religious ecstasies have not commended them as men of sound discretion. However, they are great workers. This Doukhobor leader states that he is authorized to offer free transportation to Canada, and return after two years. Canada is very greatly in need of laborers. The great wheat crops of that country, which are very small today in comparison with what they must be in a few years, cannot well be gathered unless farm help can be had more easily and more cheaply than at present. The railroads there are making farm labor both scarce and expensive.

**Separation of Church and State in France.**—On December 11, the legal bond which has united church and state in France for an uninterrupted period of a thousand years was practically severed. The struggle began in 1880 with the banishment of the Jesuits. In November the taking of inventories of church property proceeded preliminary to the enforcement of the separation law. Officials were accompanied by military escorts and troops, and while there was less trouble than anticipated, at some places, especially in Brittany, the Catholic peasants attacked the soldiers with clubs and pitchforks. "Cultural associations" are authorized by the law to be formed to act as Boards of Trustees for church property; it was thought the Catholics would form "Diocesan associations" that would act in this capacity, but orders have been issued by the archbishop forbidding any church official to accept appointment as an administrator of church property. So, all church funds and documents were handed over to the government

commissioners on the 11th day of December, a most eventful day in French history. There is naturally intense feeling, on both sides, but it is announced, on the one hand, that the government "cannot be driven into the trap of closing the churches;" and on the other, the Archbishop of Paris has strongly censured the advice of the intemperate to placard appeals to the clericals to make violent resistance to the officers.

**The Coal Land Frauds.**—The extraordinary testimony recently given in Salt Lake City before Interstate Commissioner Clark concerning the acquisition of coal lands by the Harriman and Gould railroads in Utah, Wyoming and other places, and the alleged complicity of the General Land Office and certain Senators in land frauds, resulted in the following indictments by the Federal Grand Jury, returned on Friday, December 7:

**For Conspiracy to Defraud Government.**—The Utah Fuel Company, headquarters in Dooly Building, Salt Lake City; H. G. Williams, general manager of the Utah Fuel Company, Salt Lake City; Robert Forrester, geologist and mining expert of Utah Fuel Company, and W. D. Foster, private secretary of Robert Forrester, Salt Lake City; Alexander H. Cowie, confidential man of D. & R. G. Railroad Company, and Utah Fuel Company, and of Wasatch Supply Company, Salt Lake City; Elroy N. Clark, attorney for Utah Fuel Company, Denver Colo.; George A. Moore, civil engineer, Salt Lake agent for Utah Fuel Company.

**For Violating Interstate Commerce Law.**—Union Pacific Railroad Company; Oregon Short Line Railroad Company; Union Pacific Coal Company; E. Buckingham, general superintendent O. S. L. R. R. Company, Salt Lake City, James M. Moore, general agent of the Union Pacific Coal Company, Salt Lake City.

**For Perjury Before Grand Jury.**—Thomas A. Moore, "dummy" of the Utah Fuel Company, Salt Lake City; Theodore A. Schulte, "dummy," Utah Fuel Company, Salt Lake City.

**For Perjury Before Interstate Commerce Commission.**—P. W. Spalding, attorney of Evanston, Wyo., and "dummy" of Union Pacific Coal Company.

The Interstate Commerce Commission are in favor of withdrawing all public coal lands from entry, with a view of ultimately developing them under the control and direction of the Government, which, instead of selling the lands at from \$1.50 to \$20 per acre to the railroad monopolies, could obtain a revenue of perhaps \$1,000 per acre for the 5,000,000 acres of bituminous lands still held by the government. This land leased, or worked on a royalty basis, would be enough to pay all the current expenses of the Government. This would also break the coal monopoly maintained by the great railways west of the Mississippi, which has caused high prices and useless coal famines throughout the West.

**Died.**—In St. George, Monday, October 15, Elijah Thomas, born North Carolina, January 22, 1815, a member of the Mormon Battalion, came to Utah in 1848. He filled a mission to South Africa in 1852.—In Castle Dale, Emery county, Sunday, 21st, Caroline A. Larson, wife of Stake President C. G. Larson, born Denmark, 1842.—In Taylorsville, 24th, Susan Sneath Harker, born in England, June 20, 1821, a pioneer of 1847.—In Manti, Wednesday, 24th, James Cook, born England November 13, 1816, a wheelwright by trade, an Indian war veteran, and a resident of Manti since 1854.—In Goshen, same day, Susan Turple Cook, born Nova Scotia, March 17, 1818, came to Utah in 1853.—In Ephraim, Thursday, 25th, Dykes W. Sorenson, born Denmark, November 24, 1852, a leading citizen.—In Nephi, same date, Edward H. Williams, a pioneer of Parowan, born England,

November 27, 1823, and came to Utah in 1849.—In Warren, Weber county, same date, John Sill, a pioneer of Kaysville, aged 90 years.—In Thatcher, Arizona, the funeral of Olive Woolley Kimball, wife of President Andrew Kimball, was held, 28th. She was president of the Thatcher Relief Society.—In Salt Lake, Sunday, 28th, Mary Ann Morton Pye, born England, May 3, 1854, came to Utah in 1896.—In Ogden, same day, Louis Chester Shurtliff, born Ogden, August 19, 1860.—In McCammon, Monday, 29th, Johanna Gutke, mother of Julia Brixen, of Salt Lake, a native of Sweden, in her 74th year.—In Scofield, Tuesday, 30th, Katherine Burrows, born in Virginia, December 10, 1830, and came to Utah in 1852.—In Lehi, Friday, November 2, James Munns, born England, June 14, 1820, joined the Church in 1849, and came to Utah in 1877.—In Parowan, Saturday, 3rd, Robert E. Miller, a pioneer of Parowan, born Scotland, 1826, and came to Utah in 1849.—In Salt Lake City, Sunday, Nov. 4, David R. Gill, Sr., born South Wales, June 1, 1838, came to Utah in 1878, having joined the Church March 17, 1865.—In Beaver, Wednesday, 7th, Daniel Tyler, born in New York, joined the Church January, 1833, was a member of the Mormon Battalion, and was ordained a Patriarch by Prest. Brigham Young, Dec. 10, 1873. He filled many missions, and held many Church offices.—In Oak City, 10th, Henry Roper, born England, Dec. 20, 1822, joined the Church in 1843, and came to Utah in 1859. He was an active Church worker.—In Vernal, 11th, Christina Peterson-Hullinger, born June 3, 1842, walked over the plains in 1864, a resident of Cottonwood until 1883.—In Salt Lake, Sylvester Smith Phippen, born New York, May 20, 1834, joined the Church in 1843, and came to Utah in the early 50's.—In Logan, Wednesday, 14th, Griffith Charles, father of the first white child born in Logan, 78 years of age.—In Deseret, same day, Eliza L. Whicker, born England, June 19, 1840, came to Utah in 1874.—In Salt Lake City, Friday, 16th, Bishop James C. Watson, for 18 years bishop of the 6th ward, and for 54 years a familiar figure in Salt Lake where he arrived with his parents at the age of six.—In Salt Lake City, 17th, Anna M. Calder, widow of the late David O. Calder, born Isle of Man, 1837, a pioneer of 1847.—In St. Davids, Ariz., 17th, Patriarch George T. Wilson, age 80, one of the pioneers of Mesa.—In Salt Lake City, 18th, Olga Bernhardina Dahlquist, a gifted painter, daughter of Lorentius and Amanda Dahlquist, born Salt Lake July, 31, 1879.—In Provo, same day, Niels Boberg, a resident of Provo for 40 years, born Sweden, May 18, 1831.—In Springville, Monday, 19th, Peter Bell, born England, June 28, 1824, came to Utah in 1852 with the first sugar machinery. He was a veteran of the Indian wars.—In Mendon, same date, Charlotte Leavitt Baker, born Canada, December 5, 1818, joined the Church in 1838.—In Morgan, 22nd, Sarah J. Francis, born England, February 15, 1866. She was secretary of the Relief Society for years, and a faithful Sunday-school worker.—In Manti, Saturday, 24th, Rebecca Wareham, a veteran of Nauvoo, and a faithful Church worker.—In Tooele, George Albert Lyman, was buried on the 24th. He was born, Fillmore, Nov. 14, 1873. He filled a mission to Kentucky where he baptized 49 people.—In Payson, Sunday 25th, Eliza Grigg, born North Carolina, Nov. 14, 1825.—In Ogden, Tuesday, 27th, William H. Pidcock, born England, January 18, 1832, and an early merchant and settler of Ogden.

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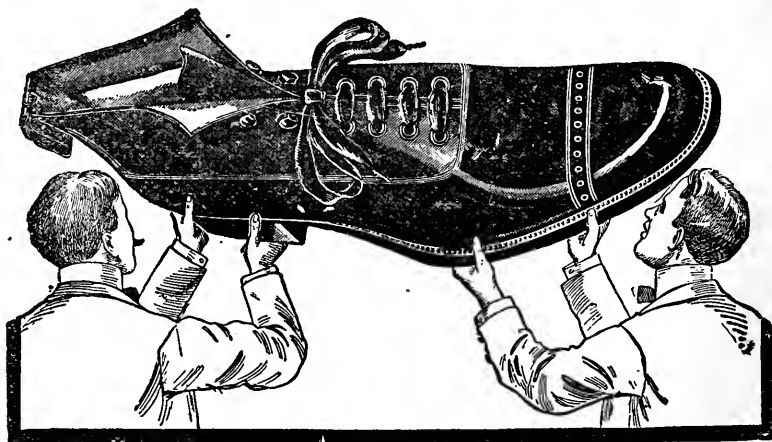
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